

SPIRIT

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GREENLAND SPORTING.

Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in 1821. With Graphic Illustrations. By Geo. Wm. Manby, Esq.

THE apostolic zeal with which Captain Manby has pursued his plan for rescuing shipwrecked Mariners from death, entitles him to our kindest consideration. When we are convinced that the intention is good and the purpose benevolent, we care little to inquire whether all the means employed to achieve notice and success are precisely such as a refined judgment would approve. Appealing to a public like the British, distracted by the thousands of claims which are yearly pressed upon its attention, even the best of inventions, the greatest of improvements, require exertions to bring them forward, the use of which, under other circumstances, modesty and a sense of their value would decline. We are bound to recollect, too, that what is Obstinacy in a bad cause is Perseverance in a good one : and we are very sure that without immense zeal and most assiduous diligence, the most beneficial designs might as well never be conceived as diffidently proposed.

Into various plans for the improvement of the Greenland Fisheries, our author has brought the same qualities which he so eminently displayed in the prosecution of his Life Boat Preservers : of which a more decisive proof could hardly be given than that of his undertaking, at the age of fifty-six, a voyage of twenty-two weeks into the Arctic regions, to superintend in person the experiments for ascertaining

the practicability and utility of his suggestions.

Respecting the merits of Captain Manby's inventions for the more certain capture of whales, with greater safety to seamen engaged in that arduous service, we do not feel ourselves competent to deliver a judgment ; and can only state that he produces very strong testimonials in their favour from many authorities entitled to deference. Among others, he adduces the opinion of one of the ablest navigators that ever sailed the Arctic seas, Captain Scoresby, in whose ship, the *Baffin*, he performed the voyage recorded in the volume before us. They left the English shores in April, and regained them in September. The *Baffin* was equipped in the usual manner, but also furnished with Capt. Manby's apparatus for the harpooning of whales, such as the gun harpoon, the application of which had been recommended by the late Mr. Rose, the hand harpoon, and shells to be fired into the fish. Thus provided, it seems unfortunate that, owing to several causes, no fair opportunities occurred for trying the effects of these various implements. Captain Scoresby afforded every facility, and receives the highest eulogy from his fellow voyager ; but either owing to the unskilfulness, prejudice or jealousy of his men, it certainly appears that the voyage was performed in vain.

His only experiment with his harpoon-gun offers an example of suffering

entertaining to us, though we dare say very distressing to him.

"July 25.—Had not the ship been surrounded by ice, it would not have been possible to conceive that we were in the arctic regions, for a brighter sun never shone in England, and the thermometer, influenced by its beams, was at 66°. Its genial warmth animated the creatures of this frozen sea, and the ides of July brought with them their attendant consequences. The powerful blowings of unicorns were heard on every side, the males were chasing the females, and all were in an unusual state of gaiety. Such was the astonishing transparency of the sea, that I distinctly observed a narwal, at least a hundred feet below the surface, and not only saw it turn upon its side to look at the boat, but could afterwards plainly discover that it was a female fish. After coming to the surface several times in the most sportive manner, it at length rose upwards of 30 yards from the boat, when I fired a harpoon from my small gun designed only for shells; but the excessive impetus of the discharge broke the shackle, and knocked me over the boat's thwart, without any injury, however, beyond a slight bruise. From this accident, I had the misfortune to lose the fish, for the gun having entangled the rope, the sharp part of the shackle cut it, but the harpoon and part of the line went about ten yards through the fish: it bled profusely, and the quantity of oily substance that exuded from the wound, brought many mulemacks to regale upon its overflowings; just before the fish died it rose, and lay quietly until we approached near it; but from the clumsiness of the man who had the harpoon ready to strike it, he missed his object, and it sank to rise no more." - - -

No doubt the sailors laughed very heartily, or at least put their tongues in their cheeks, at the Captain's capsize and disappointment. His first shot in the Arctic regions, is whimsically detailed:

"The sea was now observed to assume the proper colour of dark water; and more birds being about the ship than had been noticed for many days, and several seals sporting about, I pre-

pared my gun for any subject of natural history that might come near. The ship lying to, I shot a *Columbus Troile*, LINN. The bill was three inches long; the neck, head, back, wings and tail, of a deep mouse-colour; secondaries tipped with white; breast and belly pure white; legs dusky; weight twenty ounces; length seventeen inches; and extent of wing twenty-seven and a half inches. These birds are called the foolish Guillemot, from the stupid indifference they manifest to their own preservation, in exposing themselves to danger."

Though his first discharge was aimed at a *foolish* bird, it afterwards appears that Captain M. is in reality an excellent shot, for he kills ten or twelve of the most difficult flying birds in succession, to the surprise of the sailors; and not only peppers the pug-noses of the seals wherever he encounters them, but actually shoots one of the most desperate whales with which the boats had to cope during the whole fishery. There is so much bon hommie in this story, that we will quote a part of it.

"At length, when within a quarter of a mile, was presented to our view this "great Leviathan of old," incessantly rising to blow, and at times rearing itself in the air, in all the attitudes characteristic of rage, displaying to man that, were it sensible of its power and strength, the destruction of those who dared to approach it could not fail to be inevitable. At one instant, its immense head was greatly elevated, and a cloud of fume issued from its organs of respiration; it then raised its mountain-back, bristling with the goading harpoon, which it endeavoured to displace by various contortions of its body; finally throwing itself into a perpendicular posture, with its head downward, and its monstrous tail lifted to a surprising height, it made the lobes crack by the effort with which they were whirled in every direction, and dashed them upon the surface with a violence, that could not have failed to annihilate whatever had opposed its force.

"On receiving a harpoon from a boat near us, the whale descended perpendicularly with prodigious velocity;

but, on its returning to the surface, we could distinguish at a great depth that it was coming in a direction towards the spot we had taken. Our undaunted harpooner thus cheered the crew, "Give way, my lads, to pull upon her back; never mind yourselves." I was placed at the stern of the boat, which was very narrow, and was standing upon some loose ropes. The whale arose with all the grandeur imaginable, making a column of water appear to boil around it, by its great bulk, and rapidity of ascent, at a boat's length from us. On raising its monstrous head and ejecting a loud and powerful blast, I fired a charge of small shot into it, as the only means in my power to contribute towards securing the prize. At the same time the harpooner plunged his weapon up to the socket in its back, which caused the fish to make a most convulsive exertion to disengage itself, driving the boat with such extraordinary force against a piece of flat ice, that it was astonishing it was not dashed to pieces. From the insecure situation in which I was standing, having scarcely taken the gun from my shoulder, I was thrown by the effect of the concussion over the boat-steerer's oar, and fell upon the ice, but this fortunately being covered with snow, I received no injury. Instantly recovering myself, I attempted to regain the boat, but the fish had drawn it out of reach, so that I was left to make my observations, the whale being within a few yards of me. The agony the poor animal now appeared to be suffering, would, on any other occasion, have excited sentiments of unmixed compassion; in the present instance the spectacle was rendered awfully grand by the astonishing exertions made by the fish with its fins and tail, to destroy its assailants. The other boats having come up, the crews actively applied lances to reach the vitals of the fish, and I imagine they speedily effected their object; for, in discharging the air from the blow-holes, it gave early indication of exhaustion, by a mixture of blood with the breath. The bustle of the combat—the confusion of voices—the struggle of departing life tingling the air with red—the surround-

ing sea turned to an ocean of blood—and, at the moment, when the last breath was observed to escape, three hearty cheers from the crews of the boats, to welcome the event,—all together presented a picture beyond the power of description."

The impulse which induced the Captain to help this monster to its end with his small shot, is truly most ludicrous; we shall never hear a whale mentioned without remembering it!! Of another whale, taken, his account is more curious: when drawn up to the vessel's side, he tells us—

"No admirer of black cattle ever saw in a favourite breed, marks more pleasing to the eye, better in their arrangement, or stronger contrasts of the purest black and white, than were exhibited on this fish. I now learned some interesting particulars of this extraordinary whale: besides fifteen lines of two hundred and forty yards each, which it had taken from our own boats, it had fast to it, six similar lines, a harpoon and a boat belonging to the *Trafalgar*. For the purpose of affording an idea of the animal's strength, I may mention, that it carried five thousand and forty yards of rope, weighing upwards of a ton and a half, without any calculation being made of the resistance given by the sunken boat, by the boats over the snow, and by fifteen men."

"Just as we were sitting down to dinner, the man at the mast head called out that a great bear had just quitted the ice and was in the sea. On hearing this, I instantly requested a boat, and went after him. Seeing that he was going leisurely to a large floe of ice at some distance, we got within a hundred yards of him before we were noticed; when he instantly turned to endeavour to regain the ice, and we rowed with all our might to cut him off: finding that he failed in his object, he changed his rout to face the boat, and approached it, keeping up a continued growling, with other indications of rage, such as shewing his frightful teeth, and elevating his head and much of his body out of the water. Being desirous to preserve the head of an animal represented to be of an unusual

size, I let him come within twelve yards, when I fired a ball through his shoulder, which deprived him of the use of a fore leg, when he roared hideously, pressed towards us in the most ferocious manner, and endeavoured to board or upset the boat, but failed from the loss of his leg: he was then attacked by the crew with lances, the thrusts of some of which he avoided with astonishing dexterity, and, in the most resolute manner, again made several attempts to reach the boat, but being repulsed by an overpowering thrust of a lance from the harpooner on his flank, he was unable longer to hold the contest. During its continuance he had bitten a lance with such exasperated rage, as to break one of his long tusks: finding battle fruitless in the water, he retreated towards the ice, swimming most astonishingly fast, considering the great propelling power which he had lost from the wound in his fore leg; he

reached the ice, which he ascended with great difficulty, having only one fore paw to assist him. Determined to injure the skin as little as possible, and to attack him in front, I got upon the ice, and was about to fire another ball to free him from his sufferings, when he uttered a tremendous growl, and fell down dead: as it now began to snow very fast, no time was lost in launching, towing, and hoisting him on board the ship: he proved of a size much larger than usually seen, and the following are the particulars of his measurement:

	Ft.	In.
Length from the snout to the tail	7	6
Height of the shoulder	4	6
Circumference at the shoulder	6	11½
Breadth of the fore paw	0	11½
Breadth of the hind paw	0	9½
Length of the fore claws	0	2½
Length of the hind claws	0	2¼
Length of tusks in the upper jaw	0	2½

(*Lit. Gaz.*)

HUNTING.

Vol. IV. Hermit in the Country.

HORACE has well described the sports of the field, with the love of horses and hounds, as pleasures best suited to the beardless youth, just unshackled from guardians; but in our age of perfection, we find these pursuits not only occupy the prime of life, but descend with us to the period of old age. We have silver-headed Nimrods, and sexagenary huntsmen, in the sporting field. Nay, our veteran sportsmen are looked up to as worthy of emulation and imitation. We have royal authority for hunting, and generals who one day have unkennelled a fox, and the next hunted the enemy in full chase on the plains of glory. That hunting and other field sports promote the vigour of the body is certain; but whether they tend to improve the intellect I shall not attempt to decide, but content myself with giving a brief account of my joining a hunting party some time back.

I was invited on that occasion to partake of the Hospitalities of Castle Trevor, in the high hunting season. The party consisted of ten sportsmen besides our noble host and a cypher (myself,) who took no part in the out-

door amusements. I had been repeatedly pressed to make one of the family, before I accepted the kind offer; and I was to have the privilege of passing my time betwixt the literary entertainments of the library and a morning ride on my own pony, with permission to join the ladies in the music room in the evening, or of only being expected to play one rubber at whist with Lord Chalkstone, who was confined to the castle with the gout, Peter Placebo the apothecary, and Somnosus the Rector, a quondam desperate rider, but thrown out by age and corpulency, and distanced by infirmity and fat. The following diary of one hunting day may serve for a description of all the rest.

Early in the morning I was awakened by John the footman, who, mistaking my room-door for that of Sir Richard Ringwood, tapped smartly with, "Sir Richard, breakfast is ready; we are all saddled and ready to start; glorious morning! fine southerly breeze; nice scenting day; no sunshine to annoy us! Noble sport, Sir Richard!" (Three more knocks.) I now begged John to go to the next room but one.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, but it would do you a power of good if you were to join the jovial party; rare hard day *we* shall have! desperate riding! If you were only just to take a little jiffy to see them throw off, it would delight you vastly." From this I got excused, and John went to the right door.

Now followed the clatter of boots and the cracking of whips in the corridor, where I heard also the yell of young Wilding, who had just *stopped up* his uncle, and *earthed* a maiden aunt, and was now enjoying a short burst, while cash lasted, after which he would be run down by the bloodhounds of the law, or hunted out of England by the Does and the Roes. Next joined in the concert of "Whoop! wind him, my boy; to him there, Juno!" and the like, Lord Closecover, Jack Spendall, Parson Chase, my Lord (our host,) Sir Richard (just risen,) and four lads from Cambridge. "Lady Bab," now whispered a voice at a keyhole, "do you make one of us to-day?"—"No, Charles," replied the fair one from the curtains, "I am not well enough."—"Oh, d— it," said the former speaker, "then I shall have no pleasure in this day's chase." "Humph," quoth I. "Nonsense," cried the belle, "get away with you!" but in a tone that did not bespeak displeasure: and here the Italian poet came into my mind:

"Deh! non seguir damma fugace—"

"Follow a nobler chace and spare the deer,
Hunted by cruelty, run down by fear;
I am thy captive, Sylvia, follow me—
Already taken and bound by love to thee."

But a harsh voice put an end to my soft musing, with, "What the devil are you loitering for, Charles? Every body is mounted and breakfast over: you'll be thrown out to a certainty." Charles obeyed the summons. If I mistake not, the last speaker was a rival.

I walked for two hours after breakfast with the ladies, and then retired to the library, from whence I was sent for by Lord Chalkstone, with a request of his niece's (our hostess) that I would relieve her at piquet, since my Lord was so cross at not being able to get out, that nothing but piquet or backgammon would keep him quiet; he had even dismissed Mr. Placebo with

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!"

and had taken "to drinking *ratafia*," in its place. I laboured like a galley slave at game after game until dinner time (7, P. M.;) Lord Chalkstone was furious; he was angry, he said, for the first time for one month, and now the dinner would be spoilt, for the second footman who was on the look-out from the terrace, commanding an extensive view, declared there were no signs of a single horseman.

Eight o'clock, and they advanced in sight. My Lord covered with mud, and Charles covered with glory, bearing reynard's brush in his girdle, which he afterwards laid at the feet of his *Tyranna*. Now the main body joined; and about nine o'clock the party appeared, washed and dressed, in a hurry for dinner.

Silence marked the first *course*, for it was *coarse* eating, and vigorous mastication. Repeated bumpers of Madeira however, spoke at last; whilst an ogling match was carried on between Lady Bab and Charles, whose looks announced disappointment at not being placed beside each other. "What will you give for the rat-tailed horse now?" said Parson Chase to our host, "after this day's work? Did you ever see such a high-couraged horse? What bottom! How he carried me over that drain, 20 feet deep at least!" (That's a great stretch! thought I.) "Mr. Charles Neville will buy him of you if the price suits him," replied my Lord. "What do you ask for him?" insipidly said Charles (a minor entering his 21st year,) whilst his eyes were fixed upon Lady Barbara.—"We'll talk of that when the ladies retire."—"No hint though," observed our host. The hint, however, was taken; and the female part of our circle retired.

Now Lord Chalkstone begged to know the particulars of the chase; which request was gladly complied with by the Peer of Closecover. He began at half past nine, carried us thro' a world of muck and mire, got over *insurmountable* difficulties, and climbed *inaccessible* precipices; took such leaps that he might have made a *reconnaissance* in the clouds, and after stunning us with hallooing, killed a fox at midnight un-

der the table. What killing of time ! said I to myself ; but upon looking on my right and left, I found two of the University boys fast asleep (they had the best of it during the Peer's description ;) the parson had sold his horse in a whisper for three hundred guineas ; the company was minus the minor, who left Lord Closecover dragging a copse, and heavy work it was. The Baronet's gout became insupportable from the over-dose of the red-drops, and we all rose with the anticipation of a headache. I sought my chamber, and made

the reflection expressed by Young in his Night Thoughts as the clock struck one !—Our host and two of the boys devoured a *second* supper ; the former quarrelled with his lady on retiring to his couch, whilst one of the latter broke his nose by falling over a *pet* retired hound, in the hall. What other breaches of decorum took place on that hunting day I know not, except that my rest was broken by a feverish night, or rather morning ; and the next day I resolved to retreat from sports too violent for

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

THE MINE.

Alas ! the strange vicissitudes of life !
We live 'mid perils and pleasures, like
Characters 'graven on the sand, or hues
Colouring the rainbow. Wild as a sick fancy
And changeful as a maiden, is this dream,
This brief dream on earth - - -
Their doom was misery.

THEY were two lovers.—Oh how much is said
In that brief phrase ; how much of happiness,
Of all that makes life precious, is summed up
In telling they were lovers ! In this world,
In all its many pleasures, all its dreams
Of riches, fame, ambition, there is nought
That sheds the light of young and passionate love.
Ah, its first sigh is worth all else on earth :
That sigh may be most fugitive, may leave
A burning, broken, or a withered heart :
It may know many sorrows, may be crost
With many cares, and all its joys may be
But rainbow glimpses seen in clouds ; yet still
That sight breathes paradise.—Love ! thou hast been
Our ruin and our heaven ! Well, they loved—
Olave and his *Elore* ; from infancy
They had been playmates, and they ever were
Each other's shadow ; but when woman's blush
Came o'er the cheek, and woman's tenderness
Shaded *Elore's* blue eyes, then *Olave's* heart
Caught deeper feeling. It was just the time
When soft vows have been breathed, and answered
By blushes, gentle sighs, the eloquent signs
Of maiden bashfulness and maiden love,
And *Olave* knew he was beloved, that when
The fresh spring leaves were on the firs, *Elore*
Would be his own indeed. 'Tis a sweet time,
'This season of young passion's happiness !
The spirit revels in delicious dreams ;
The future is so beautiful, for hope
Is then all powerful. They would often sit
For hours by their bright hearth, and tell old tales
Of love, true as their own—or talk of days
Of quiet joy to come. And when the Spring
Smiled in green beauty, they would sweetly roam
By the pale Moon, and in her tender light
Read the love written in each other's eyes,
And call her for a witness. O 'tis bliss
To wander thus, arm linked in arm !—a look,

A sigh, a blush, the only answers given
To the so witching tales fond lips are telling.—
One eve they parted even more tenderly
Than they were wont to do ; but one day more
And their fate would be linked in a true bond
Of deep affection ; henceforth but one life !—
But the next morn he came not, and *Elore*
Watch'd down the vale in vain ! The evening closed,
And by her fireside there was solitude ;
Morn blushed again, and found her still alone,
That promised morning, whose light should have shed
Gladness o'er the sweet bride, but shone on tears,
On loneliness and terror ! Days pass'd by,
But *Olave* came not ; none knew of his fate ;
It was all mystery and fear. They searched
The valleys and the mountains, but no trace
Was left to tell of either life or death :
He had departed like a shadow. Strange
And drear were now the many tales they told
In his own village : some said the snow-pit
Had been his grave, and some that still he lived ;
And wild old histories were now recalled
Of mortals loved by powerful beings, who
Bore them from earth—and *Olave* was so young,
So beautiful, he might well be beloved
By mountain-spirits. But alas for her,
His widowed Bride ! how soon she changed from all
The beauty of her youth—her long gold hair
Lost its bright colour, and her fair blue eyes
Forgot the sunshine of their smile, for never
Her countenance was brightened up again
By the heart's gladsome feelings, So she lived
A solitary thing, to whom the world
Was nothing ; and she shunned all intercourse,
Shrunk even from the voice of soothing ; all
Her earthly ties were broken, and she could
But brood o'er her great misery. - - -

'Twas in Fahlun's deep mines a corse was found,
As the dark miners urged their toilsome way,
Preserv'd from all decay ; the golden locks
Curl'd down in rich luxuriance o'er a face
Cold as a statue's—gold and colourless,
But perfect every feature.—No one knew
What youth it was. The dress was not the same
As worn by miners, but of antique shape,
Such as their fathers', and they deemed it was
Some stranger who had curiously explored

The depths of Fahlun, and the falling rock
Had closed him from the face of day for ever.
Thrice fearful grave ! They took the body up
And bore it to the open air, and crowds
Soon gathered round to look on the fair face
And graceful form, yet still not one could tell

Aught of its history. But at length there came
An aged woman ; --- down beside the youth
Trembling she knelt, and with her withered hands
Parted from off his face the thick bright hair—
She sank upon his bosom, one wild shriek
Rang with his name,—My love, my lost *Olave* !

THE MASSACRE AT MADRID.

Doblado's Letters from Spain.

AGREEABLY to promise, we now lay before our readers the very interesting account of the massacre at Madrid, from Mr. Blanco White's volume. Having elsewhere alluded to it, we shall make no observation on the cut-throats (with whatever faction they may be classed) under whose ascendancy the horrible scene was acted.

"The insurrection of the second of May did not arise from any concerted plan of the Spaniards ; it was, on the contrary, brought about by Murat, who, wishing to intimidate the country, artfully contrived the means of producing an explosion in the capital. The old King's brother, and one of his sons, who had been left at Madrid, were on that day, to start for Bayonne. The sight of the last members of the royal family leaving the country, under the present circumstances, could not but produce a strong sensation on a people whose feelings had for some months been racked to distraction. The council of Regency strongly recommended the Infant's departure in the night ; but Murat insisted on their setting off at nine in the morning. Long before that hour, an extensive square, of which the new Palace forms the front, was crowded with people of the lower classes. On the Princes appearing in their travelling dresses, both men and women surrounded the carriages, and cutting off the traces, shewed a determination to prevent their departure. One of Murat's aide-de-camps, presenting himself at this moment, was instantly assaulted by the mob, and he would have fallen a victim to their fury but for the strong French guard, stationed near that general's house. This guard was instantly drawn up, and ordered to fire on the people.

My house stood not far from the Palace, in a street leading to one of the central points of communication with

the best part of the town. A rush of people crying "To arms," conveyed to us the first notice of the tumult. I heard that the French troops were firing on the people ; but the outrage appeared to me both so impolitic and enormous, that I could not rest until I went out to ascertain the truth. I had just arrived at an opening named Plazuela de Santo Domingo, the meeting point of four large streets, one of which leads to the Palace, when, hearing the sound of a French drum in that direction, I stopped with a considerable number of decent and quiet people whom curiosity kept rivetted to the spot. Though a strong piquet of infantry was fast advancing upon us, we could not imagine that we stood in any kind of danger. Under this mistaken notion we awaited their approach ; but, seeing the soldiers halt and prepare their arms, we began instantly to disperse. A discharge of musketry followed in a few moments, and a man fell at the entrance of the street, through which I was, with a great throng, retreating from the fire. The fear of an indiscriminate massacre arose so naturally from this unprovoked assault, that every one tried to look for safety in the narrow cross streets on both sides of the way. I hastened on towards my house, and having shut the front door, could think of no better expedient, in the confused state of my mind, than to make ball-cartridges for a fowling-piece which I kept. The firing of musketry continued, and was to be heard in different directions. After the lapse of a few minutes, the report of large pieces of ordnance, at a short distance, greatly increased our alarm. They were fired from a park of artillery, which, in great neglect, and with no definite object, was kept by the Spanish Government in that part of the town. Murat, who had, this day, all his troops

under arms, on fixing the points of which they were to gain possession, had not forgotten the park of artillery. A strong column approached it through a street facing the gate, at which Colonel Daoiz, a native of my town, and my own acquaintance, who happened to be the senior officer on duty, had placed two large pieces loaded with grape shot. Determined to perish, rather than yield to the invaders, and supported in his determination by a few artillery-men, and some infantry under the command of Belarde, another patriot officer, he made considerable havoc among the French, till, overpowered by numbers, both these gallant defenders of their country fell, the latter dead, the former desperately wounded. The silence of the guns made us suspect that the artillery had fallen into the hands of the assailants; and the report of some stragglers confirmed that conjecture.

A well-dressed man had, in the mean time, gone down the street calling loudly on the male inhabitants to repair to an old depôt of arms. But he made no impression on that part of the town. The attempt to arm the multitude at this moment was, in truth, little short of madness. In a short time after the beginning of the tumult, two or three columns of infantry entered by different gates, making themselves masters of the town. The route of the main corps lay through the *Calle Mayor*, where the houses, consisting of four or five stories, afforded the inhabitants the means of wreaking vengeance on the French without much danger from their arms. Such as had guns fired from the windows; while tiles, bricks, and heavy articles of furniture, were thrown by others upon the heads of the soldiers. But now the French had occupied every central position; their artillery had struck panic into the enraged multitude; some of the houses, from which they had been fired at, had been entered by the soldiers; and the cavalry were making prisoners among such as had not early taken to flight. As the people had put to death every French soldier, who was found unarmed about the streets, the retaliation would have been fearful, had not some of

the chief Spanish magistrates obtained a decree of amnesty, which they read in the most disturbed part of the town.

But Murat thought he had not accomplished his object, except an example was made on a certain number of the lower citizens. As the amnesty excluded any that should be found bearing arms, the French patrols of cavalry, which were scouring the streets, searched every man they met, and making the clasp knives which our artisans and labourers are accustomed to carry in their pockets, a pretext for their cruel and wicked purpose, they led about one hundred men to be tried by a Court Martial; in other words, to be butchered in cold blood. This horrid deed, the blackest, perhaps, which has stained the French name during the whole career of conquest, was performed at the fall of day. A mock tribunal of French officers, having ascertained that no person of note was among the destined victims, ordered them to be led out of the Retiro, the place of their short confinement, into the Prado, where they were despatched by the soldiers.

Ignorant of the real state of the town, and hearing that the tumult had ceased, I ventured out in the afternoon towards the Puerta del Sol, where I expected to learn some particulars of the day. The cross streets which led to that place were unusually empty; but as I came to the entrance of one of the avenues which open into that great rendezvous of Madrid, the bustle increased, and I could see an advanced guard of French soldiers formed two-deep across the street, and leaving about one third of its breadth open to such as wished to pass up and down. At some distance behind them, in the irregular square which bears the name of the *Sun's Gate*, I distinguished two pieces of cannon, and a very strong division of troops. Less than this hostile display would have been sufficient to check my curiosity, if, still possessed with the idea that it was not the interest of the French to treat us like enemies, I had not, like many others who were on the same spot, thought that the peaceful inhabitants would be allowed to proceed unmolested about the streets of their town. Under this impression I went on with-

out hesitation, till I was within fifty yards of the advanced guard. Here a sudden cry of *aux armes*, raised in the square, was repeated by the soldiers before me, the officer giving the command to make ready. The people fled up the street in the utmost consternation; but my fear having allowed me, instantly, to calculate both distances and danger, I made a desperate push towards the opening left by the soldiers, where a narrow lane, winding round the Church of San Luis, put me in a few seconds out of the range of the French muskets. No firing however being heard, I concluded that the object of the alarm was to clear the streets at the approach of night.

The increasing horror of the inhabitants, as they collected the melancholy details of the morning, would have accomplished that end, without any farther effort on the part of the oppressors. The bodies of some of their victims seen in several places; the wounded that were met about the streets; the visible anguish of such as missed their relations; and the spreading report that many were awaiting their fate at the Retiro, so strongly and painfully raised the apprehensions of the people, that the streets were absolutely deserted long before the approach of night. Every street-door was locked, and a mournful silence prevailed wherever I directed my steps. Full of the most gloomy ideas, I was approaching my lodgings by a place called Postigo de San Martin, when I saw four Spanish soldiers bearing a man upon a ladder, the ends of which they supported on their shoulders. As they passed near me, the ladder being inclined forward, from the steepness of the street, I recognised the features of my townsman and acquaintance, Daoiz, livid with approaching death. He had lain wounded since ten in the morning, in the place where he fell. He was not quite insensible when I met him. The slight motion of his body, and the groan he uttered as the inequality of the ground, probably, increased his pain, will never be effaced from my memory.

A night passed under such impressions, baffles my feeble powers of description. A scene of cruelty and treachery exceeding all limits of probability had left our apprehensions to range at large, with scarcely any check from the calculations of judgment. The dead silence of the streets since the first approach of night, only broken by the trampling of horses which now and then were heard passing along in large parties, had something exceedingly dismal in a populous town, where we were accustomed to an incessant and enlivening bustle. The *Madrid cries*, the loudest and most varied in Spain, were missed early next morning; and it was ten o'clock before a single street-door had been open. Nothing but absolute necessity could induce the people to venture out.

On the third day after the massacre, a note from an intimate friend obliged me to cross the greatest part of the town; but though my way lay through the principal streets of Madrid, the number of Spaniards I met did not literally amount to six. In every street and square of any note I found a strong guard of French infantry, lying beside their arms on the pavement, except the sentinel who paced up and down at a short distance. A feeling of mortified pride mixed itself with the sense of insecurity which I experienced on my approaching these parties of foreign soldiers, whose presence had made a desert of our capital. Gliding by the opposite side of the street, I passed them without lifting my eyes from the ground. Once I looked straight in the face of an inferior officer—a serjeant I believe, wearing the cross of the *Legion d'honneur*—who, taking it as an insult, loaded me with curses, accompanied with threats and the most abusive language. The Puerta del Sol, that favourite lounge of the Madrid people, was now the *bivouac* of a French division of infantry and cavalry, with two twelve-pounders facing every leading street. Not a shop was open, and not a voice heard but such as grated the ear with a foreign accent."

(Literary Gazette, Nov.)

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

M. Collin de Plancey has just published a new work in two vols. 8vo—Anecdotes of the 19th century. I will give you a few specimens.

LE MARQUIS DE SAINT CYR.

“A man, who wished to pass the barriers of Paris in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the persons on duty. ‘I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr.’—‘You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor *marquisats*.’—‘In that case, de Saint Cyr, if you please.’—‘*De* is not used now.’—‘Then say simply Saint Cyr.’—‘Ah! but all saints, you know, have been abolished.’—‘Well, if it must be so, write *Cyr*.’—‘No, citizen, there are no longer any *Sires*,’ (the pronunciation is the same.) Thus piece by piece the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the Revolution, till he found himself at the barrier of Paris without a name.

THE PASSPORT.

Another anecdote exposes the *advantages* of the passport system:—‘In 1815, a Gascon, who was at Marseilles, and had committed himself by an imprudent zeal for Napoleon, thought it wise to file off before the storm. With the aid of *two francs* and *two friends* he obtained a passport; and, as he had been shaved for his journey, and rather particular in the description of his person, they wrote *Barbe, point, teint, point*. The second night a Gendarme examined his papers—‘*Barbe, point!*’ exclaimed he—‘your beard is black;’ and in truth his beard had grown tolerably long since he left Marseilles. ‘*Teint, point, encore*—you are quite yellow!’ which was not surprising after travelling two days in the sun. The passport was declared false—the Gascon was detained. He protested in vain—his passport was sent back to Marseilles. At length it was returned and altered—*Teint, pâle—barbe, noire*. He was now worse off than before. The day after, he had an unlucky fall, and

received several contusions—‘*Teint, pâle!*’ exclaimed the Inspector, ‘you are perfectly red.’—‘*Nez moyen!*’—‘Your nose (it was much swollen) is enormous; and a mark too on your chin not mentioned. Your paper is false—you cannot proceed.’ In fact, in consequence of similar little accidents, the poor Gascon was two months on the road before he reached Paris.”

COLONEL SCHOUARDIN.

Other anecdotes illustrate the enthusiasm which inspired the revolutionary armies:—“The army of Mayence was attacked at Torfou in 1793, by Charette and Bouchamp, and, unable to resist the superior forces of the Vendéens, retreated and lost its artillery. The Republicans were on the point of being destroyed, as their retreat was about to be cut off. Kleber called the Lieut.-Col. Schouardin—‘Take (said he) a company of grenadiers—stop the enemy at that ravine; you will be killed, but your comrades will be saved.’—‘*Oui, mon General,*’ replied Schouardin calmly. He marched; held the Vendéens a long time in check; and after prodigies of valour, died with his men on the spot. This ‘*Oui, mon general*’ equals the finest specimens of antiquity.”

DELILLE.

An academician who was very intimate with the Abbe Delille, gratified a party in one of our salons, the other day, with several traits of that amiable poet. “Before his marriage, Delille lived with a lady who was sometimes exceedingly violent. Delille bore the storms with the most undisturbed calmness, and often with great pleasantry. One day an altercation arose, and the lady, irritated by the good-humour of the poet, overwhelmed him with a shower of books which she took from the shelves of the library. Delille observing that she selected uniformly the largest volumes with which to assail his devoted head, very calmly said, ‘*Ma chère amie, ne pourriez vous mettre vos caresses plus petit format?*’ ”

THE STEAM-BOAT.

By the Author of the *Annals of the Parish*, &c.

HAVING recently delivered our opinion upon Mr. Galt's numerous publications at some length, and remarked upon his peculiar felicity in one vein—the portraiture of inferior Scottish character—we shall not occupy much space with animadversions upon the *Steam Boat*. It embraces the details of sundry trips in a vessel of that kind by a Glasgow wool-len-draper, who, encouraged by excursions on the Clyde, finally undertakes the prodigious voyage to London, in order to see the coronation. The spectacle he describes with less effect than we anticipated; and the chief merits of the volume are found in episodes or stories told by fellow-passengers, most of which have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. This circumstance, and the general circulation of that clever periodical, induces us to spare our readers the chance of a repetition, and to confine ourselves to one tale, put into the mouth of a minister, named the Reverend Mr. Birkwhistle. It is entitled "*The Wig and the Black Cat*," and is as follows:

"By an agreement with the session, (said Mr. Birkwhistle,) I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltcoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the Saturday evening in the box to the Manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box with my new wig therein, being on the outside tap of the coach, the wind blew and the rain fell, and by the help and colleagury of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weet.

"At that time o' night, there wasna a barber to be had for love or money within three miles of the Manse; indeed I dinna think, for that matter,

there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish; so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

"Although Mr. Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a' ministers' wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity, and seeing what I was ettling at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to dress and fribble his wig, and although it was a sair heart to her to see any other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome to use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead, on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet besom, was brought intil the room and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a buffet-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs. Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very edifying conversation indeed.

"During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs. Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although, to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue, orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what could be hoped for, that Mrs. Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no more, saying, "a bit pluff with the box there, on the left curls," (in the way of a parenthesis,) that she wouldna feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had

never been more edified in her life, than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

"But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of man as a cauliflower, I took it from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great short-sightedness of me to do, and I prinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs. Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its primitive style of perfectness.

"But you must understand, that Mrs. Keckle had a black cat, that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most douce and well-comported beast; and what would ye think Baudrons was doing all the time that the mistress and me were so eydent about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every pluff that I gave, and meditating, with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavouring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs. Keckle's was an evidential kithing to the effect, that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion of mine; howsomever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed-room, and, as I was saying, prinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs. Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

"Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs. Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said, that if I would make another cheerer she would par-

take in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at any time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her, as I made the second tumbler, and weel I wat it was baith nappy and good; for in brewing I had an ee to pleasing Mrs. Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow both the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befel us in that night, for when I went up again intil the bed-room, I was what ye call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pillow, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

"In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season I had a strange dream—wherein I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light, and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, whereat I turned myself round, and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleeping and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand claming softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by, I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness, so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered, when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the star-light of the window, that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a mutch keeking in upon me. The little gude was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw cluty himself at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loudvoice, "O, Mistress Keckle, Mistress Keckle, what's brought

you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dirl, and the widow herself, with her twa servant lasses, with candles in their hands, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by myself, or was taken with some sore dead ill. But when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen—not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs. Keckle. While I was thus speaking, one of the maidens gied a shrill skirling laugh, crying, "Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough nothing could be more humil-

iating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself, to an endeavour to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both of the curls and the pouther; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress nor me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the devil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined it; for upon an examine next day, the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof."

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

Away! away! thou Summer Bird,
For Autumn's moaning voice is heard,
In cadence wild and deepening swell,
Of Winter's stern approach to tell.

Away! for vapours, damp and low,
Are wreathed around the mountain's brow;
And tempest clouds their mantles fold
Around the forest's russet gold.

Away! away! o'er earth and sea,
This land is now no home for thee!
Arise; and stretch thy soaring wing,
And seek elsewhere the smiles of Spring!

The wanderer now, with pinions spread,
Afar to brighter climes has fled,

Nor casts one backward look, nor grieves
For those sere groves whose shade he leaves.

Why should he grieve? the beam he loves
Shines o'er him still where'er he roves,
And all those early friends are near
Who made his Summer-home so dear.

Oh! deem not that the tie of birth
Endears us to this spot of earth;
For wheresoe'er our steps may roam,
If friends are near, that place is home!

No matter where our fate may guide us,
If those we love are still beside us!

A NEW DEVIL.

[The following has been handed to us by one of the Printer's *Devils*, as his own composition: if the features are flattered, therefore, it may be ascribed to the family name at least, if not to some degree of relationship.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

When Beelzebub, Prince of the Devils in hell,
Sought a curse more destructive, more bitter, more fell,
Than e'er had obtain'd on this turnabout ball,
He cited his minions, who came at his call.

"I'm thinking," said he, that the bulk of mankind
Do not suffer enough, are not plagued to my mind;
Is there nothing, my fiends, that your wit can devise
That can raise to distinction and bear off a prize?
On the faith of a Devil, the spirit who can
Invent a worse plague than e'er visited man,
Shall have his petition, whate'er it may be
In the power of Satan to give, as a fee."
This said, as on Earth, a faint murmur arose,
When a speech from an orator's brought to a close;

And off went the fiends, in a similar way
To a Westminster meeting or Irish affray.
Then the Demons of Pestilence, Famine and War,
Appear'd in their might but less skilful by far
Than the Spirits of Envy, and Hatred, and Spleen;
For in this chosen Trio more amply was seen
The gift of infliction, more lengthen'd and keen.
The hell-broth prepared, with a devilish skill,
Ingredients were mixed up of every ill,
While Malice and Mischief threw in their supplies,
In equal proportions, of fraud and of lies.
When, lo! from the cauldron arose on the view
A shape more distorted than Breughel * e'er drew;
'Twas the Spirit of Party! and Hell own'd the Pest,
Of all her productions, the *worst* and the *best*.

* A painter noted for his devotion to daemonical subjects, and hence designated *Hellish Breughel*.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GOOROO PARAMARTAN :

A Tale in the Tamul Language :

Accompanied by a Translation and Vocabulary, together with an Analysis of the first story. By Benjamin Babington, of the Madras Civil Service.

THE Tamul tongue, which consists of two (the upper and the lower) dialects, is spoken by more than five millions of the population in the south of India. Derived from no language which now exists, and in its primitives entirely distinct from the Sanskrit, its study is of infinite importance to persons employed in the administration of our Eastern Empire ; and the author of this work has rendered them a most useful service by enabling them to acquire a knowledge of it from a publication at once skilful, learned, and amusing,—skilful in plan and arrangement, learned in philology, and amusing in the exemplar stories. The original alphabet, tradition says, was composed of only sixteen letters, and what it has since borrowed so largely from the refined Sanskrit of the north, is chiefly found in the lower or colloquial idiom. The Tamul is the parent of the Teloo-goo, Malayālam, and Canarese ; or, it is probable, all these spring from a common root now lost in the gloom of antiquity. But as the Tamul possesses stronger traces of originality than of the cognate dialects of Southern India, it is obvious that its acquisition added to an acquaintance with the more polished Sanskrit of the North, must be the best method for acquiring a knowledge of all the Hindoo languages of India.

The story of the Gooroo Pamārtan, selected by Mr. Babington in order to furnish materials for commencing in this country the study of the Tamul, is one (as he informs us) of the lighter productions of that profound scholar and rare genius Father Beschi, or Viramāmoonī, *i. e.* the great Champion Devotee, as this learned Italian Jesuit was surnamed by the natives. Beschi appointed by the Pope to the East India mission, arrived at Goa in the year 1700 ; and thence proceeded to Avoor, in the district of Trichinopoly, where he made himself master of Tamul, Teloo-goo and Sanskrit, as well as of Hin-

dostanee and Persian. Thus qualified for a missionary, he further recommended himself by adopting the indifferent customs of the Hindoos, such as abandoning animal food, employing Brahmans to prepare his meals, and dressing in the religious habit of a Gooroo, or Indian devotee. Through these means he was not only unusually successful in his labours of conversion, but rose to high political influence ; for in 1736 he was appointed Divan to the famous Chunda Saheb, Nabob of Trichinopoly. When the Mahrattas overthrew this chieftain, Beschi escaped to Gāyal Patanam, then a Dutch city, where he died in 1742, and where masses are still offered up for the salvation of his soul. He founded several churches in India, and produced many literary works which do honour to his memory. Among these we may enumerate Tembāvani, a sacred poem, as long as the Iliad, and, as Mr. B. states, of very considerable merit : also Kiten Ammal Ammanai, another poem, Yediyarajookham, and Veda Vilakkam, religious prose works ; Dictionaries in Tamul and French, Portuguese and Latin ; and other lexicographical and grammatical performances of much research, labour, and utility. To this slight sketch we have only to add, that Beschi was as pious as he was zealous, and has left in his life and conduct a model for all present and future missionaries who attempt to plant the Christian faith in the minds of Hindoo idolaters.

Having thus briefly gone over the graver matters suggested by the volume before us, we turn to the adventures of the Gooroo, which tale was probably intended as a pleasing vehicle of instruction to those Jesuits whose labours required a knowledge of the Tamul ; but as we cannot have many readers of that Order, and are besides destitute of Tamul types, we trust we shall be excused for saying nothing to the version

in these curious and pretty characters, and drawing our illustration from its English translation. Thence we learn that

“There was a Gooroo whose name was Noodle, who had five disciples serving under his command, Blockhead, Idiot, Simpleton, Dunce and Fool. These, having all six gone on foot through the surrounding villages, to make some enquiries respecting other disciples, were on their return to their Mattam,* when one day, they arrived in the third watch,† at the bank of a river.‡

“Under a notion that this was a cruel stream, which, in consequence, could not be passed while it was awake, the Gooroo gave orders to Dunce, and dispatched him to ascertain whether the river were asleep. Upon this he lighted with a segar, and carried with him, a firebrand which he had borne in his hand, and without approaching the river, kept aloof and stretching out the brand at arms length, dipped it into the water.

“Observing that as soon as he had immersed it, the water smoked with a hissing noise, away Dunce ran, hurrying, stumbling and tumbling, and cried out, ‘O Master! Master! this is not the time for passing the river. It is awake; and no sooner had I touched it, than it flew into a passion, hissed like a venomous serpent, and smoking in fierce rage, leaped and rushed at me. It is indeed a wonder that I escaped with the preservation of my life.’ To this the Gooroo replied, ‘What can we do in opposition to the divine will? We will wait a little while.’ So saying, they sat down in a spreading grove hard by, which formed a dark shade, and as each was relating, in order to pass the time there, different circum-

stances regarding this river, Blockhead spoke as follows:

“‘I have many a time heard my Grandfather tell of the ferocity and artfulness of this stream. My Grandfather was a great merchant. One day, he and a companion of his were driving along two asses laden with bags of salt, and when they had descended into the middle of the river, they washed themselves in the cool water, which was running up to their waists, (for, as it was in the hot season,* they were somewhat fatigued) and stopping the asses they bathed them also.

“‘On arriving afterwards at the opposite bank, they saw, not only that the river had devoured the whole of the salt, but that the salt had all been miraculously drawn out, while the mouths of the gunny bags, which were well sewed, were not in the least opened. They congratulated themselves, saying, ha! ha! since the river has seized upon this salt, is it not a great blessing that it has left us unswallowed?’”

Simpleton tells the story of the dog and his shadow, as another instance of the River’s treachery, and the narrative proceeds.

“Whilst they were thus discoursing, they spied a horseman coming from the other side. As only a single span depth of water was flowing in the river, he remained on horseback, and and without being the least afraid, came hastily splashing through. On perceiving this, they cried out, ‘Alack! alack! if our Gooroo too had a horse, both he and we with him might descend into the river without fear.’ Then they began to entreat him, saying, ‘O Sir, you must by all means buy a horse.’

* According to book authorities the year is divided into six seasons. The 1st comprehends August and September; it is the rainy season, at least on the western side of India; 2d, the cold season, comprehends October and November; 3d, the former dews, comprehending December and January; 4th, the latter dews, February and March, (these two bear some analogy to the first rains and latter rains of the Jews, see Deut. ch. xi. 14;) 5th, the first hot season, April and May; 6th, the hottest season, June and July. The Tamul months commence about the middle of our own, which throws these seasons a fortnight in advance.

*The Mattam is a secluded retreat, in which the Gooroo and his disciples reside when not engaged in visitations to those who are under their spiritual controul.

† In their civil day the Tamuls divide the twenty four hours into sixty parts, each of which consequently contains twenty-four minutes.

‡ The seven rivers celebrated in books, and classed together, are the Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda, the Saraswati, the Caverry, the Kistnah, and the Godaveri.

The Gooroo Noodle however replied, 'We will talk of this matter hereafter.'

"So as the day was declining and the evening approached, he sent again to examine whether the river were asleep. Idiot accordingly took the same fire brand, and on immersing it for the purpose of examination, he found that the water did not spirt up in the least, as the fire had been before extinguished; so being greatly delighted, he ran off, crying, 'Now is the time! now is the time! come along quickly, and do not open your mouths or make any noise; the time of the deep slumber of the river is come; there is no occasion now for fear or alarm.' Upon Idiot's shouting out this good news, they suddenly started up, and without uttering a single word, all six of them cautiously descended into the stream. At each step, which was so planted that even the waves beaten up by their legs made no rippling sound, they raised their feet over the water, advanced them, pressed them down again, and with hearts beating pit-a-pat tripped along and passed the river.

"As soon as they reached and ascended the bank, they were elated in proportion as they had before been sorrowful, and while they were jumping about, Fool, who stood behind, counted all the rest without including himself. As he only saw five persons while he was counting, he took alarm, crying out, 'Woe is me! woe is me! one is gone with the stream. Behold, Master, but five of us stand here.' Having placed them all in a row, the Gooroo himself counted them two or three times over; but as he always reckoned, omitting himself, he too pronounced that there were but five. Thus as one and all, each leaving himself out, added together only the others, it became certain among them that the river had swallowed up one.

"On this account they howled bitterly, crying out 'Alas! alas!' and embracing one another exclaimed, 'O thou cruel river. O thou more obdurate than a block, more savage than a panther. Hast thou not feared, yea but a little, to swallow up the disciple of the Gooroo Noodle, who is saluted, respected, worshipped and praised

from one end of the world to the other? Wretch! hast thou such a daring spirit, thou son of a black bear; offspring of a cruel tiger! Shalt thou attain to a future world? shalt thou hereafter roll thy cool stream along? May thy source be totally dried up and scorched; may the glare dart upon the sand in thy bed; may the fire feed upon thy waves; may thy meadows be parched and withered; may thy depths be filled with thorns! Without moisture, without coolness, without even a mark to point out the place of thy former existence, mayest thou be in future consumed away!'

"Thus did they vent their abuse and railing, stretching forth their hands and cracking their fingers.* Nevertheless, from their hasty stupidity, no one knew up to that moment which among them had been carried away by the river, and no one inquired who it might be. Just at that juncture, a sensible man who was travelling along the road came up, and touched with compassion demanded, 'How now Master, tell me what is this bustle about?' They in turn related to him in due order what had happened, and he fully perceiving their idiotism, replied, 'What has happened, has happened. If you will make me a suitable recompence, I have power to call hither him who is gone with the stream; For know, that I am deeply versed in legerdemain. To that the Gooroo rejoicing answered, 'If you will do this we will give you forty-five fanams which we have provided for our journey.' Then the other raising a stick which he held in his hand, 'Tis in this,' said he, 'that this art is contained. If you will range yourselves in a row, and as you receive a blow upon the back, will each reckon by calling out his name, I will cause all six of you to be here present.' Having thus placed them, he first gave the Gooroo a thump on the back: 'Holla!' cried he, 'tis I, myself the Gooroo.' 'One,' re-

* The Hindoos, in uttering a malediction, unite their hands by interlacing the fingers, and then projecting them forwards produce that sound commonly called cracking the joints. Their imprecations are still further strengthened, as they think, by casting dust at the object of them.

plied the man. In this manner he gave a blow to all of them, and each repeating his name respectively and casting up the account, they agreed in finding that not one among the six was missing. Being therefore astonished they came round to the conjurer, and bestowing great praise on him, paid him the money which they had promised and went away."

This tale, so like that of our own Wise Men of Gotham, is followed by seven other whimsical examples of the stolidity of the Gooroo and his worthy Disciples. In the second, not being rich enough to purchase the horse so much coveted for passing rivers, they buy from a roguish gardener, a large pumpkin, which he imposes upon Blockhead and Idiot (the Ambassadors) as a horse's egg! The sequel is entertaining:

"Blockhead having carefully taken the egg and lifted it on his head, the other went before shewing the way, and while they were thus going along, Blockhead began to say, 'Ay, ay, our forefathers have said, *they who perform penance, are forwarding their own affairs*. We have now seen the truth of this with our own eyes. This in truth is the profit which has accrued by the penance continually performed by our Gooroo. A high bred horse, which is worth a hundred or a hundred and fifty pagodas, we purchase and take to him for five.' To which Idiot replied, 'Needs this any reflection? Hast thou not heard the saying—from pious actions* alone proceeds delight, all else is irrelevant and unworthy of praise. From virtue, not only profit, but pleasure proceeds; except there be (virtue,) all else will be misery and disgrace. Did not my father for a long time practise many virtues; and he found his profit and delight in the end, in having me born to him.' To which the other

replied, 'Can this be doubted? *If you sow a castor oil tree, will an ebony tree be produced?* From good actions, good will proceed, from evil actions, evil.'

"Thus conversing, after they had walked along for a considerable distance, the pumpkin, from striking against the bough of a tree which was bent and hanging down, was dashed out of his hands, and suddenly tumbling upon some shrubs which were spreading in bushes below, cracked and fell to pieces. Upon this, a hare which was sitting in the bushes started up and ran away. Taking the alarm, they cried out, 'Behold! the horse's foal which was in the shell has ran away;' and followed after to catch and seize it. Running, regardless of hills or dales, or woods or commons, the clothes which they had on became entangled in the thorny bushes, and were partly torn and partly detained. They continued the pursuit with their flesh lacerated by the stumps which they trod on, their blood flowing in consequence of the thorns which stuck into them, their bodies all streaming with perspiration, their hearts beating, their two ears closed, puffing and blowing with fatigue, and their bowels jolting; notwithstanding which, the hare was not caught, and they both fell down wearied out and harrassed with fatigue. In the mean time the hare went on, and becoming concealed, so as no longer to be kept in sight, it ran away to a great distance. They, too regardless of their weariness, rose up, and with legs limping and wounded by thorns, stones and stumps, searched in every direction. Journeying in this afflicted condition, they suffered hunger and fasting all that day, and after sunset arrived at the Mattam.

"When they entered in at the gate, they smote their mouths, crying, 'Alas! alas!' and beating themselves, fell down. 'What is it? What is it? What harm has come to you?' demanded the rest; who came, and, taking them by the hand, raised them up. After the two had related in detail all the circumstances that had happened, Blockhead spoke as follows: 'O Sir,

* The Tamuls reckon thirty-two pious actions, some of which are curious, such as "associating with the female sex, erecting posts for cows to rub themselves against, giving quick lime to be eaten with the betel leaf, paying for the barber to shave another, furnishing a looking glass, burning a corpse," &c. &c.

since the day that I was born, I never beheld so swift a horse as this : of an ash colour, mixed with black ; in form and size like a hare, and a cubit in length. Although a foal still in the nest, it pricked up its two ears, cocked its tail, which rose up the length of two fingers, extended and stretched forth its four legs, and with its heart close to the ground, ran with a swiftness and impetuosity which can neither be expressed nor conceived."

"Upon this they were all bewailing, when the Gooroo, appeasing them, said, 'True, indeed, the five pagodas are gone, but however, it is well that the horse's foal is gone also ; if whilst a foal it runs in this manner, when hereafter it shall become full grown, who will be able to ride upon it ? I truly am an old man : a horse of this description, my friends, although it were presented to me gratis, I would not accept.'"

[The sagacity of the Gooroo and his disciples offers too important an example to mankind, to allow us (patriotic and philanthropic as we are) to abridge the useful lesson too much.]

The third story to which we have referred, relates to the Gooroo's journey on an ox without horns, the fourth to fishing for a horse (the reflection of a clay one) in the water, the fifth to a journey home on an old hack given to the party gratis, the sixth to a Brahman's prophecy, and the seventh and eighth to its fulfilment. Respecting the last, as by far the most important, we shall quote the history which records the fate of the sagacious Gooroo. The Brahman is esteemed a miraculously gifted individual, from having warned Simpleton that he would have a fall if he chopped off the branch of a banian tree while perched on the outer end of it. After this tumble—

"Simpleton, approaching, made him reverence, and said, 'Sir, you are a great Shastri, pray prophecy for me yet once more ; I am a disciple of the Gooroo Noodle for whom I have a great affection. As he is of a decrepid age, I am fearful that he will die in the course of a short time. Do pray now, for my comfort, tell me at what period his end will be, and what will be the signs that will appear previous to it.'

"The Brahman, in order to effect his escape, made various excuses ; but, as the other would not quit him, he at last said, '*Asanam shitam jivana nasham.*' 'What is this, Sir ? pray tell me its meaning,' asked the other, importunately. The Brahman replied, 'On whatever day your Gooroo's posteriors become cold, it will be a sign that his death is at hand.'

"So Simpleton, having made obeisance, departed, and dragging the branch which he had cut to the Mattam, related circumstantially all the particulars that had passed. The Gooroo upon this was very sorrowful, and thus spoke : 'It cannot be asserted that the said Brahman is not a great Shastri, for every thing immediately happened to thee exactly as he had foretold. In like manner, the prophecy which he has pronounced and sent to me, must be infallible. *Asanam shitam jivana nasham*, is a true saying. For the future, great care will be requisite : my feet must never be washed, and for the rest—God's will be done.' - - -

"After the circumspection which has been mentioned, had been for some time used, they set out upon a tour from village to village ; impelled by the consideration, that should they travel around the district, the disciples might collect their money, but that in the Mattam no income could be realized.

"One day, when they were on their return to the Mattam, as the Gooroo was jogging along on horseback, his turban happened to fall off behind him, in consequence of encountering the branch of a tree which hung downwards. Thinking that the disciples had picked it up, after he had travelled on quietly for a considerable distance, he asked them, 'Where is my turban ? please to give it me.' They replied, 'It is yonder, and probably lies on the spot where it fell.' Upon which he grew angry, and said, 'Is it not necessary to pick up every thing that hath fallen ?' So Idiot immediately ran off, and as he was bringing along the fallen turban which he had picked up, he placed in it some dung loosely evacuated by the horse (for he had been feeding on the common, upon grass that was green in consequence of some showers

of rain which had fallen that night,) and delivered it into the Gooroo's hand.

"He then became exceedingly enraged, crying out, 'Fie fie.' To this they all with one accord, replied, 'How is this, Sir? Did you not deliver your instructions before, saying, that every thing that fell was to be picked up; and now, because Idiot acts according to those instructions, you fly into a passion; wherefore is this?' As for the Gooroo, he replied, 'Not so. There are some things which it is improper to pick up, and others which it is proper to pick up. You should act with some shew of sagacity.' To this they replied, 'We are not men so clever as all that.' So they requested that he would write down, separately, such things only as they were required to pick up, and these he wrote accordingly.

"After this, in travelling along, the ground being slippery and wet, the lame horse, which tottered as it went, tripped and fell down, and the Gooroo tumbling head downwards and feet upwards into a large hole which was near, roared out for help, and cried, 'Pray run and pick me out.' The disciples ran to him, and one of them taking out the cadjan, which he had before written and given to them, began to read thus: 'To pick up a fallen turban—to pick up a fallen waist-cloth and short cloth—to pick up a fallen jacket and drawers.' Thus the Gooroo lay there naked, while they went over each article, one by one, according as it was read out, and notwithstanding all his entreaty and all his rage, because this was not written in the cadjan, they persevered in refusal, 'Sir, where is it written that you are to be picked up? shew us. We will do exactly according to what is written; but we will never consent to do that which is not written.' He, perceiving their obstinacy and seeing no other way of escape, took a cadjan and a stile, and wrote, in the place where he was lying, 'And if I fall you are to pick me up.'

"His disciples, when they saw what was written, all with one accord went and picked him up. As his body was entirely covered with mud, because there was muck in the hollow into which he had fallen, they washed him

in some water which was at hand; and, afterwards, having put on all his clothes as before, they seated him on the horse and conveyed him to the Mattam." - - -

"From the great alarm and bustle, on the occasion when he fell and lay in the hole, no one called to mind the prophecy which the Brahman had previously made. It was only after having again mounted on horseback, that the Gooroo himself, perceiving that his posteriors were cold, grew sorrowful. Nevertheless, he refrained from saying any thing, till their arrival at the Mattam.

"Owing to the shock of falling at his decrepit age, he could obtain no sleep that night, but tossed about restlessly, and suffered great tribulation from the thoughts of the above-mentioned prophecy. Not allowing himself to suppose, that the pain which agitated his frame and caused his restlessness, arose from the fall from the horse into the pit; he was confirmed in the notion, that it doubtless all proceeded from his approaching death, occasioned by the coldness of his rump. With this thought he was distracted and terrified within himself during the whole night, and unable to close his eyes for a single instant, he groaned frequently, and, urged by the unsettled state of his mind, he at break of day sent for his disciples.

"On their coming to see him, they were greatly alarmed to perceive, that his countenance was changed; that his two eyes had sunk in their sockets; that his face was withered and shrivelled, and that over it there was a pale hue mixed with brown; that his mouth was without moisture; his speech confused, and that he stared as it were upon vacancy. Then, fetching a deep groan, he exclaimed, 'Oh! my brethren, place me in the sepulchre, and perform the rites of burial to my corpse.' 'How is that, Sir?' demanded they in terror. 'How is that!' replied the Gooroo, 'have ye then forgotten the words, *Asanam shitam jivana nasham*. In the pit, into which I fell yesterday, there was much water and mud, in consequence of which my rump became wet. Nevertheless, owing to the mishap that then took place, this did not occur to me. I afterwards perceived that my posteriors were very cold, and

I thought upon the shaster which the Brahman had pronounced. Accordingly, I have experienced pain of body and uneasiness during the whole night, nor have I obtained the least sleep, so that I am become fully sensible that my death is approaching. Further deliberation is needless, ye will speedily prepare for my interment.' ”

To divert his chagrin, the disciples sent for one Asangadan, the mocker, who diverts him with a story.

“ Upon which the Gooroo Noodle laughed, and said, ‘ It is with reason that they call you Asangadan (the mocker,) for you are always cracking your jokes.’ The other perceiving that the Gooroo laughed, left off banter and again took up the discourse. ‘ Sir, the words which the Brahman spoke are according to truth, indeed ; but it is necessary to understand the meaning of them rightly. True it is, that if a coldness be perceived in the posteriors, it is a sign of death ; but it will be as he asserted, only when the rump grows cold without any extraneous cause. You fell into the water and mire : if upon this your posteriors became cold, is it any great wonder ? It would in that case be a wonder if they did not grow cold. Now, therefore, abandon this chagrin. For the future, if, without sitting down in mire, or falling into the water, or without any other extraneous cause, you perceive the *Asanam shitam*, then you may infer that the *jivana nasham* is nigh at hand. Except in so far, all else, Sir, is nonsense.’—What Asangadan said, penetrated into the Gooroo’s mind, and it appeared to him like reason ; therefore, having brightened up a little, he arose, and began to eat, and to talk, and to go about from place to place.

“ After but a very few days had in this manner passed, one night, during his sleep, there fell incessantly a heavy shower of rain. In consequence of this, a dripping of water from the roof fell upon the middle of Gooroo’s bed close to him ; notwithstanding which, it was unknown to him from his being asleep. After the rain, and with it the dripping, had ceased, the Gooroo having rolled in his sleep, lay slumbering with his rump immediately upon the

wet which had fallen. By the coldness thus produced, he suddenly awoke ; and perceiving that his rump was exceeding cold, he became convinced that now there was no extraneous cause whatever to produce the cold, and that the period of his death was arrived.

“ The disciples, also, without perceiving any external origin for the coldness, supposed that even the coldness of the bed proceeded from the frigidity of the Gooroo’s rump, and thought, therefore, that this was the time for the fulfilment of the Prophecy. The people of his caste, also, who came to visit him, as they were possessed of about as much sense as themselves, coincided in all that was said : while the Gooroo uttered no other answer to those that came, but, ‘ Now, without failure, *Asanam shitam jivana nasham*.’ ”

“ Unable to sustain the increased depression of spirits, and the diminution of bodily strength, which in this manner he suffered from day to day, he one day fell into a swoon. Upon this they all made lamentation ; and placing their hands upon their heads, began to weep and to howl, crying out, ‘ Alas ! alas ! he is deceased, he is dead !’ And, after performing the ceremonies appertaining to burial, they proceeded to bathe him.

“ For this purpose, having filled brimful of water a large trough which was in the Mattam, they tossed the supposed corpse into it, and having pressed him down, a number of them with one accord began to rub and wash him. When thus washed, he recovered from the swoon ; but being unable to draw breath in the water, and incapable of making any signs with his hands and feet, which they squeezed together, the Gooroo Noodle perished, through their stupidity, by the hands of these idiots.

“ Upon this, a great multitude having assembled, they placed him in a sitting posture in a litter adorned with flowers, and raising him up, they crowded together before, behind, and at the sides. Whilst his disciples came and carried him along, chanting thus, *Asanam shitam jivana nasham* ; and, having placed him in the grave, they buried him.”

Thus end the adventures of the Gooroo ; proving that no wisdom, however

great, can arrest the stroke of fate.—What became of his disciples is not said: Perhaps their histories are left to exercise the ingenuity of any able European biographer who may feel inspired to take up the subject, assured that the races to which they severally belong are not peculiar to Hindostan.

To set before the young and inexperienced of the Noodle family, if any branches of it are to be found in Great Britain, we have prolonged our notice

of this admirable publication;—how can literature be better employed than in diffusing the knowledge of so useful a lesson. Fastidious critics may allege that our Gooroo is

To all an example, to no one a pattern;—but in spite of such idle cavils, we should not be surprised if at a public meeting or dinner of the most distinguished of the Noodles, a piece of plate were voted to us for our patriotic devotedness upon this occasion.

POETICAL SKETCHES.

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL.

Their path had been a troubled one, each step
Had trod mid thorns and springs of bitterness,
But they had fled away from the cold world,
And found, in a fair valley, solitude
And happiness in themselves. They oft would rove
Thro' the dark forests when the golden light
Of evening was upon the oak, or catch
The first wild breath of morning on the hill,
And in the hot noon seek some greenwood shade,
Filled with the music of the birds, the leaves,
Or the descending water's distant song.
And that young maiden hung delightedly
Upon her minstrel lover's words, when the
Breathed some old melancholy verse or fold
Love's ever-varying histories; and her smile
Thanked him so tenderly, that he forgot
Or thought of but to scorn the flatteries
He was so proud of once. I need not say
How happy his sweet mistress was—Oh, all
Know love is woman's happiness.

COME, love, we'll rest us from our wanderings:
The violets are fresh among the moss,
The dew is not yet on their purple leaves,
Warm with the sun's last kiss—'tis here, dear love!
This chesnut be our canopy. Look up
Towards the beautiful heaven! the fair Moon
Is shining timidly, like a young Queen
Who fears to claim her full authority:
The stars shine in her presence! o'er the sky
A few light clouds are wandering, like the fears
That even happy love must know; the air
Is full of perfume and most musical,
Although no other sounds are on the gale
Than the soft falling of the mountain rill,
Or waving of the leaves. 'Tis just the time
For legend of the romance, and, dearest, now
I have one framed for thee: it is love,
Most perfect love, and of a faithful heart
That was a sacrifice upon the shrine
Itself had reared! I will begin it now,
Like an old tale:—There was a princess once,
More beautiful than Spring, when the warm look
Of summer calls the blush upon her cheek,
The matchless Isabel of Portugal.
She moved in beauty, and where'er she went
Some heart did homage to her loveliness.—
But there was one—a youth of lowly birth—

Who worshipped her!—I have heard many say
Love lives on hope; they knew not what they said:
Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life;—
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame
In silence and in secret, though they knew
They fed the scorching fire that would consume them.
Young Juan loved in veriest hopelessness!—
He saw the lady once at matin time,—
Saw her when bent in meek humility
Before the altar; she was then unveiled,
And Juan gazed upon the face which was
Thenceforth the world to him! Awhile he looked
Upon the white hands clasped gracefully;
The rose-bud lips, moving in silent prayer:
The raven hair, that hung as a dark cloud
On the white brow of morning! She arose,
And as she moved, her slender figure waved
Like the light cypress, when the breeze of Spring
Wakes music in its boughs. As Juan knelt
It chanced her eyes met his, and all his soul
Maddened in that slight glance! She left the place;
Yet still her shape seemed visible, and still
He felt the light through the long eyelash steal
And melt within his heart! — — —
From that time life was one impassioned dream:
He lingered on the spot which she had made
So sacred by her presence, and he thought
It happiness to only breathe the air
Her sigh had perfumed—but to press the floor
Her fiery step had hallowed. He renounced
All projects of ambition, joyed no more
In pleasures of his age, but like a ghost,
Confined to one peculiar spot, he strayed
Where first he saw the Princess; and the court
Through which she pass'd to matins, now became
To him a home; and either he recalled
Fondly her every look, or else embalmed
Her name in wild sweet song. — — —
His love grew blazed abroad—a Poet's love
Is immortality! The heart whose beat
Is echoed by the lyre, will have its griefs,
Its tenderness, remembered, when each pulse
Has long been cold and still. Some pitied him,
And others marvelled, half in mockery;
They little knew what pride love ever has
In self devotedness. The Princess heard
Of her pale lover; but none ever knew
Her secret thoughts: she heard it silently.
It could not be but woman's heart must feel
Such fond and faithful homage!—But some deemed

Even such timid worship was not meet
 For royalty. They bad the youth depart,
 And the King sent him gold; he turned away,
 And would not look upon the glittering treasure—
 And then they banished him! He heard them say
 He was an exile with a ghastly smile,
 And murmured not—but rose and left the city.
 He went on silently, until he came
 To where a little hill rose, covered o'er
 With lemon shrubs and golden oranges;
 The windows of the palace where she dwelt—
 His so loved *Isabel*—o'erlook'd the place.
 There was some gorgeous fete there, for the light
 Stream'd through the lattices, and a far sound

Of lute, and dance, and song came echoing.
 The wanderer hid his face—but from his brow
 His hands fell powerless! Some gathered round
 And raised him from the ground: his eyes were closed,
 His lip and cheek were colourless;—they told
 His heart was broken!
 His princess never knew an earthly love:
 She vowed herself to heaven, and she died young!
 The evening of her death, a strange sweet sound
 Of music came, delicious as a dream:
 With that her spirit parted from this earth.
 Many remembered that it was the hour
 Her humble Lover perished!

L. E. L.

(European Magazine.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER IV.

The Marquis de Vermont, to Sir Charles Darnley.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

BEFORE my arrival in this land of freedom, I imagined that here at least, in private as well as in public life, every man would be at liberty to follow his own inclinations as long as he infringed on no positive law. It never occurred to me, therefore, that on such unimportant topics as dress and the division of time, a stranger would be called upon to alter any of his usual habits.

I have, however, already discovered, that while John Bull claims the privilege of making himself ridiculous in his own way abroad, he allows no similar indulgence to the foreigner in England. At Paris we are so accustomed to the whims and eccentricities of your countrymen, that a member of the four-in-hand club drives his team (as he pleases to call his mail coach and fiery greys) along the *Boulevard*, or the *Plaine St. Honoré*, without exciting any more attention than such an equipage would draw in Bond-street or Hyde-park—and one of your *exquisites*, or modern *petits maitres*, accoutred in all the effeminate absurdities of the prevailing fashion, is not more stared at in the *Theatre Feydeau* than he would be at Covent Garden or Drury Lane play-houses.

I find there is no reciprocity on these subjects, on which, on the contrary, the most tyrannical uniformity is exacted in London.

While paying a visit half an hour earlier than that, which *almighty ton*

has marked as appropriate to such duties, is a crime seldom pardoned—wearing a hat an inch too wide in the brim—a waistcoat too short, or a coat too long, subjects the unfortunate and unconscious foreigner to a suspicion of vulgarity quite sufficient to banish him from the most elegant circles of this gay metropolis.

I have therefore begun my career by completely new modelling my *costume*, and for that purpose have put myself in the hands of the most celebrated professors. My hair has been cut by Blake, and my coat by Allen, my waistcoat and pantaloons come from the hands of other *artists* of equal celebrity, each devoted to the peculiar line of his *profession*.—Lock is my hatter, and Hoby my shoe-maker, and as I am assured (to adopt the words of an elegant modern satirist) that

“All is unprofitable, flat,
 And stale, without a smart cravat,
 Muslined enough to hold its starch,
 The last key-stone of fashion's arch,”

A kind English friend has taught me,

“By dint of hand and eye,
 How to obtain a *perfect tie*!”

Indeed I am so metamorphosed, that you would scarcely recognize me.—I can now pass unquizzed thro' a crowd of dandies; and I had even, a few days since, the glory of overhearing one of the most renowned of these heroes express his approbation of the brilliant polish which my boots displayed.

In respect to hours, I was at first guilty of some most ante-diluvian mis-

takes, by knocking, at the doors of those to whom I had letters of introduction, at a part of the day, when the only persons expected were the milkman, the baker, or the butcher. After having had my patience exhausted in waiting at several houses for admission, I found it was uniformly denied me, while many a yawning footman, as he answered my enquiries from the area, said his master would not be visible for at least four hours. I have therefore found it necessary on this point also to conform to your usages. Being, however, habitually an early riser, it was essential to my comfort that the mornings should not be thrown away, and I have found a delightful resource in devoting that portion of my time to the sights of London. In this manner I have already been enabled to visit St. Paul's, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum, without interfering with any other pursuits. By this arrangement (for which I have, as a precedent, the high authority of the imperial Alexander) I vary and multiply my enjoyments, and take care never to appear in the purlieus of *haut ton*, till, to use the phrase of one of your most celebrated *élegantes*, "the day is properly aired." Indeed it appears to me that the British capital is inhabited by two distinct classes of people, one of whom might take for its emblem the bee, and the other the drone. If at nine o'clock I go into your courts of law, I find the learned judges of the land attended by a numerous and respectable bar, and by juries, witnesses, and attornies in the full exercise of their important functions. If I extend my walk to the city, I read in the anxious countenances and rapid paces of all I meet, the activity of men of business; while carriages and wagons of every description, loaded with merchandize, shew, that in this division of the town the value of time is properly appreciated; and if at the dawn of day I take an aquatic excursion on your beautiful Thames, I find it already enlivened by the animating sight of innumerable vessels in full sail, carrying the fruits of your industry to the most distant corners of the earth, or bringing home the wealth of the

world. I often smile, and enjoy a moment of self-approbation, when, after an interesting survey of this kind, which has busily filled up 6 or 7 hours, I direct my steps to Bond-street, and find the fashionable morning just beginning.

It seems, that in the western part of London "*il ne fait pas jour*," as we say in France, till about three o'clock of the natural afternoon; and though from thence till seven or eight o'clock constitutes the whole period between breakfast and dinner, yet even that short interval is too long for the tedium of idleness. What vigilant ingenuity has been exercised in devising new methods of destroying time and resisting *ennui*. Yet what languor and apathy mark the features of the most celebrated votaries of pleasure. What sauntering indifference is displayed in the steps of the well-dressed pedestrians, who, at the accustomed moment, commence their daily pilgrimage from the top of Bond-street to the end of Pall-Mall. Some stop at the fruit-shops, and, careless of consequences, run up a bill for early strawberries, forced peaches, and pine-apple ices, which becomes not unfrequently the cause of their ending their days within the walls of the King's Bench prison. Some empty their purses in bidding for useless baubles at the splendid auction rooms of Phillips and Christie. Some are attracted by the grotesque prints exhibited at the windows of the caricature sellers, and while staring at them pay dearly for their amusement in losing their money and watches which become the prey of surrounding pick-pockets. Some are persuaded to try their fortune at the gaming table or billiard rooms, and among the vast crowd of loungers, scarcely any can resist the varied temptations which shops of every kind hold out to the vanity or the wants of the passers by.

The ladies who occupy the splendid equipages which so thickly fill the same streets, at the same time, seem to be not much better amused than the humble loiterers on foot; and not less anxious than they to have recourse to every possible stimulus which novelty offers, no matter at what expense to dissipate the gloom of unoccupied folly.

At the panoramas, bazaars', milliners', perfumers', and above all, at the jewellers' shops, what strings of these carriages are seen, and how beautiful, yet how lifeless, do the women appear whom they contain. Hither they come, not to purchase necessities or even ornaments wanted for any particular occasion, but in the vain hope, by lavishing money, to get rid of the load of *ennui*.

Indeed, I am told, this favourite recreation, which your ladies call shopping, is often the cause of serious injury to the fortunes of their husbands. And a gentleman, who resides here, tells me that he was under the necessity of laying down his carriage, because he ascertained, by dire experience, that while his wife possessed an equipage, she could not resist the inclination of shewing it in Bond-street; and when there, she daily wasted such sums in the acquisition of trinkets and other costly playthings, as at the end of the year amounted to a much larger *total* than his whole income afforded.

I am conscious, however, that as a Frenchman, I am not very patriotic in criticizing this habit of your English belles, for I am told that French China, French Gowns, French pocket handkerchiefs, French *bijoux*, and above all French *rouge*, are the articles which form the principal allurements.

From five till seven o'clock a migration takes place, and I see the same well-dressed crowds assembled in Hyde Park. Here I again admire the charms of the women, the beauty of the horses, and the neat assortment of the numerous carriages—but while I confess that it is impossible for wealth and magnificence to make a prouder display, I must be permitted to remark, that I observe but few “merry faces,” that every body seems to come hither “to see and to be seen,” and that in performing a task enjoined by vanity and fashion, pleasure is rarely enjoyed.

Nor can I dismiss this part of my subject without expressing my surprise that, with the whole range of so fine a park at their command, the frequenters of this favourite promenade confine themselves to the limited and ill-chosen space between Picadilly and Cumber-

land gates, where they are subject not only to the smoke of the adjoining houses, but also to the annoyance of city fogs, whenever an easterly wind prevails; and, in writing to an old inhabitant of London, I need not remind him how often that occurs.

For such inconveniences, however, I suppose they think themselves indemnified, by being drawn into a smaller circle, for I observe, that crowds form so material an ingredient in an Englishman's ideas of enjoyment, that every opportunity is taken of collecting them. Nothing on this occasion has surprised me more, than to see ladies, as well as gentlemen, piloting their way on horseback between the close-drawn ranks of carriages which parade up and down.—Is it not strange that your wives and daughters should thus at once expose themselves to considerable risk, and make an exhibition so very inconsistent with that delicacy, which is generally believed to form one of the most amiable characteristics of Englishwomen? I am told, indeed, that the fashion is a new one, and that it is only within these few years, that female equestrians of character have made their appearance in this cavalcade. If so, let us hope, that it is only one of those accidental whims, in which the most faultless of the sex will occasionally indulge; and that, after this season, the belles of Britain will disdain to enter the lists with coachmen and barouche-drivers.

Having presumed in this letter to censure freely, where I thought censure deserved, I shall not conclude it without performing a more agreeable task, in telling you, that take it for all in all, I am delighted with London. The pleasing contrasts (as I have already had occasion to observe) presented in the two distinct characters and different habits of the commercial and idle parts of the population of this great city, afford a vast and amusing variety of objects.

Indeed, I have so many present, that my only difficulty consists in selecting between things equally interesting.—In my early excursions, I hesitate between a walk to Kensington-Gardens, which, though deserted, are delightful

in fine weather, or a visit of curiosity to the Wet-Docks, the British Museum, the Courts of Law, or the Exhibition at Somerset-House. When the protracted morning of fashion begins, I find it no less difficult to determine, whether I will join the gay promenaders in St. James's-street—spend two or three hours in examining the numberless treasures of some of your many interesting shops—or avail myself of that liberality, which has opened the splendid Picture Galleries of Lords Grosve-

nor and Stafford, and others, to the inspection of the public; and when evening approaches, I am again puzzled, (thanks to your friendly recommendations) between a number of invitations to dinner, balls, and other assemblies, all of which it is impossible to accept. Of them I shall say nothing at present, my letter being already too long; but shall reserve my remarks on private society till my next. Adieu, then,

And believe me ever your's,
LE MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

SOLITUDE.

To love and live for *one* alone,
From Earth's dark trammels free;
To see no form except that one
Which most we wish to see;
To strive the lonely hour to bless,
Cheer'd thro' by gratitude;
The heart then feels no loneliness,
This is not Solitude.

But to gaze on the desert home,
The lov'd *one* far away,
And count the ling'ring days to come,
And mourn o'er the delay;
Watch for the well known step,—to hear
A stranger foot intrude;
Then dash away the starting tear,—
This—this is Solitude.

To wander thro' the festive scene,
With souls but ill at ease!
To stray where *lighter* hearts have been,
And mock at thoughts like these;

To look for one 'mid those around,
Would glad our mournful mood,
Then start from Mirth's distracting sound,—
This, this is Solitude.

Tread we the gorgeous halls of state,
When all we love are by;
We can gaze on the rich and great,
Without one envious sigh:
The self same scene the eye surveys,
With other feelings viewed,
We mingle in the mirthful maze,
No longer Solitude.

To lands where foot had seldom been,
Were it our fate to roam,
Still 'tis the *heart* which gilds the scene,
The *heart* which forms the home.
Our path *may* be the wilderness,
But still by joy pursued,
The one lov'd hand in ours we press,
And find no *Solitude.* *Mathilde.*

ON THE ENTRANCE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, INTO EDINBURGH.

Long has my harp neglected hung,
And long its chords been all unstrung,
Nor Scotland's Royal Palace rung
With joyous minstrelsy:
For, oh!—since Solway's fatal day—
The light of song hath fled away:
'Tis only now a glimmering ray
Of glorious poesy.

Did generous thoughts the Bard inspire?
A Monarch fann'd the sacred fire:—
But buried with Thy Princely sire
Were song and chivalry.
Years dark have followed darker years—
And treason's clouds, and faction's fears,—
And Scotland's blood, and Scotland's tears—
And sordid rivalry.

But now!—and do mine eyes behold,
When o'er our land this flood has roll'd,
The sunlight of the days of old
In James' royal line?
Yes! now the daughters of his love,
Comes from that deluge like the dove,
Bright as the bow of heaven above
Amidst the storm to shine!

Then wake anew the olden strain!—
Come gladness to our hearts again;
And welcome-cups be filled amain,
And pleasure light the scene:—
The youthful and the aged pour,
O'er hill and dale, and rugged shore,
Their blessings: *Welcome evermore,*
To Mary, Scotland's Queen!

(Monthly Magazine.)

THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE GREEK ISLANDS.

By Markay Zalloni, a native of Tinos, and Physician to Prince Alexander Suzzo.

AMONG the numerous descriptions extant of the Egean sea, at present called the Archipelago, I do not think there is one which perfectly answers the end that every writer of such descriptions should propose to himself. In general, I perceive that travellers who have published accounts of Greece are more willing to inform us what this country has been, than what it is at present. They appear to have been indefatigable in their researches after the remains of monuments, but to have passed over in silence the manners and institutions of the Greece of our days. In reading their works, it appears that these countries are now deserted in such a degree, as not to be worth the attention of the traveller, but only on account of the rare vestiges of that grandeur so long since vanished. The labours of the learned, with a view to supply us with correct notions, particularly with respect to antiquity, are beyond contradiction worthy of the highest eulogiums, and in this view are highly useful. But ought the modern Greeks to be neglected, in order to confine all their observations to the ancients? They seem to think that the vestiges of the best days of Greece are only to be found in mutilated statues and monuments, buried marbles, in medals, tombs, &c. ; but why not look for them in the Greeks themselves? Their character and manners certainly afford a picture of those of their predecessors, though it must be allowed to be imperfect and confused.

Meditating in the environs of Athens upon a mutilated statue, or the portico of an old temple of Neptune or Apollo, covered with moss, we are transported with admiration for the statuary or the architect who created this *chef d'œuvre*. At least we may be certain that the modern Greeks have been formed of the same clay as their ancestors, and would be capable of the most heroic actions, if their energies had not been exhausted in their incessant struggle

against all the evils attendant upon the yoke of despotism under which they had fallen.

Modern Greece merits more attention than is generally imagined; its inhabitants have not degenerated so far as not to retain any traces among them of the descendants of heroes: but, to paint them faithfully, the writer should be one among them; he should mingle with their customs and manners; he should act, converse, and live with them freely, and without restraint. It is from this consideration that, being myself a Greek, I have presumed to describe the Greek nation. Having chosen a subject with which I am best acquainted, I shall relate with the most careful accuracy all that I know of Tinos, my native country.

At first view, my work may appear uninteresting, and some astonishment may be excited at my describing so small an island with so much detail, as it does not contain more than 25,000 inhabitants, or, in other words, where the population does not exceed that of one of the smallest cities in Europe; but this surprise will disappear, when it is found that each island of the Archipelago, and even each town in Greece, offers innumerable features worthy of detail. It will now be my task to describe the genius and character of the inhabitants of Tinos, and upon this subject I shall principally dwell.

My object is to exhibit to the world the portrait of a modern Greek, with all his merits and defects; to the one I shall do justice with pleasure, and impartially censure the other. My intention is not to flatter my country; and therefore I shall be guided by the strictest impartiality.

In the eyes of travellers, the inhabitants of the Greek isles appear to be nothing above the insignificant guardians of the ruins and rubbish time has not yet annihilated. In general those travellers never speak of these people but as it were in conformity with a re-

ceived custom, just to mention that there are inhabitants. I must add, that such travellers receive very indifferent information; they are generally deceived; they do not put their questions pointedly, and they examine with too little caution.

A person, for instance, arrives at Tinos, and after some questions superficially put to three or four inhabitants, which are perhaps as loosely answered, he seems as well satisfied as if he had resided there for years. Upon this ground of information he publishes his travels in a pleasing style; but, pursuing antiquities on all sides with a species of frenzy, every thing else is neglected. Information thus obtained must evidently be far from accurate.

The inhabitants of the isle of Tinos, like all those of the rest of Greece, are very reserved when enquiries are made by strangers which may tend to their prejudice. With respect to ancient monuments, they observe the most rigorous silence; in this they are not guilty of dissimulation, but are discreet and prudent. Nevertheless, it has frequently happened that an inhabitant has been persecuted, and even ruined, because the knowledge of his having some old mutilated statue in his possession has transpired to the Turks.

It is then under a pretext that this inhabitant has found treasures, that the Turks, who are not ignorant of the ridiculous infatuation with which these objects are sought after by the Europeans, never neglect to seize upon what they choose to say has been found, and condemn it to confiscation. Thus, if an islander happens to discover a subterranean passage, or a well, or should probably dig up any inscriptions, remains of tombs, &c. he will, if possible, conceal it even from his own family. Otherwise the least indiscretion would draw down the most terrible vengeance on his head. In the meanwhile, because the traveller does not find what he seeks for, he imagines that it does not exist; especially as he has heard nothing said upon the subject.

Tinos, as to its extent, is one of the most considerable islands in the Archipelago, and was the last of the Grecian isles in the possession of the Venetians;

in 1714, when it came under the Turkish dominion, the Grand Seigneur gave it as a fief to Veli Effendi Zade. Notwithstanding this, the inhabitants are as much *autonomes*, or governed by their own laws, as they were under the Romans. A tribunal is chosen among themselves, from whence every two years two primates, or *proestotes*, are selected, who are charged with the administration of their affairs, having under them subaltern officers called *Epitropes*. Though these primates should be re-elected every two years, it sometimes happens they are continued by the people, and sometimes they maintain their places, notwithstanding the opposition of popular feeling; but this is when they are protected by some grandee at Constantinople.

The annual tribute paid by these primates to the Turkish government is from 2,500*l.* to 3,000*l.* Some time before this tribute is delivered, the *Proestotes* order the *Protogheris* or chiefs of the villages to get the money ready. These chiefs then assemble the inhabitants in their districts; and at this kind of councils different sums are imposed upon each individual, according to their ability. It is a kind of poll-tax; besides which, so much is levied for a hive of bees, a horse, a goat, a house, a dove-house, or any sort of real property; but no person is liable to this kind of capitation under the age of fifteen.

Any inhabitant being unable or unwilling to pay this tax is liable to have a summons to attend at St. Nicolo; and, if this is disobeyed, the *proestotes* can go in person, or send others, to place a seal upon the entrance of the dwelling of the offending party. This seal is very simple: it is a slip of paper fastened on with wax, and the impression is frequently made with the piece of money called *para*, worth about a farthing. It is very seldom, indeed, that payment does not immediately follow this procedure. For, though the primates have no armed force to second the execution of their orders, they are generally respected and obeyed. Sometimes, when it is necessary to use more than ordinary rigour, the inhabitants become irritated, and proceed to open revolt. To escape their resentment

the primates flee or conceal themselves till the popular fury has subsided. I have several times witnessed scenes of this kind; when the insurrection is announced by the sound of the bell, repeated from village to village; so that the alarm is soon spread over the whole island, and every one holds himself in readiness to rise. To punish these insurgents the Turkish government is at length compelled to employ a *vaivode*, a kind of farmer-general, who, by advancing the moiety of the tribute, acquires the right of levying it, or rather of unmercifully rack-renting the wretched inhabitants. He generally resides at Kambos, a village in the centre of the island. He is accompanied on these occasions by a number of Turks, to assist him in inspecting the harvest of the peasants; one of these persons has sometimes the office of inspector over two or three villages. Wo to the islander who may dare to withhold the least portion of his produce, or who should take any means to prevent his cattle from being collected upon his ground; he would be condemned to penalties and punishment as rigid as if he had disposed of the property of others. It is then the islander feels that he has a hard master, whose avarice renders him relentless, and who will lose no opportunity that presents itself to profit by it. It is unnecessary to remark how terrible the Turkish government is in its wrath, especially when it sends this thirsty bloodsucker, or harpy, to execute its vengeance. The primates, when they resume their functions, generally behave with extreme caution; but they have always their deputy at Constantinople, who sometimes advances a part of the tribute, and afterwards settles their accounts with the administration of the island.

Tinos has never been subject to any custom-house duties. When an inhabitant wishes to leave the place, he receives a ticket, which is a certificate of his country; and with this kind of passport he may go to any part of Turkey, without the ordinary exemption from capitation, called *karatch*, and to which all the rest of the Grand Seignor's subjects are liable: this costs 13s. 4d. to persons who wear the long Asiatic

habits, and 6s. 8d. to those who dress like Europeans.

The isle of Tinos, like most of those of the Archipelago, presents an uniform aspect towards the sea. At a distance we can only distinguish a mass of naked barren rocks; but upon a nearer approach we perceive upon these heights a great number of villages, which cannot but excite our admiration of the industry of the inhabitants, who by their exertions have fertilized the rude soil of their mountains, the declivities of which are raised and parted off by dwarf walls, formed of stones, and communicating to the whole the air of a quincunx.

Tinos is about sixty miles in circumference, and contains two large towns and about sixty-six villages. It is naturally divided into what is called the *Apanomeri* or upper part, or the *Katomeri* or lower; the latter is the most fertile, both from the nature of the soil and the abundance of water supplied by the rivers Lazaro or Perastra, and Griza or Aghapi, so called from the villages through which they pass.—These two rivers, inundating the country, form the marshes of Levadhea, which, being cultivated, produce grain, flax, melons, gourds, pumpkins, &c. Each proprietor digs a ditch round his ground here, to retain the humidity in summer, and to prevent the inroads of cattle; others have small huts, in which it is necessary to remain to watch their property, often pillaged by the inhabitants of the upper part of the island, and the banditti of the isle of Andros, who make frequent incursions.

In the interior of the island of Tinos, and particularly all round the borders, we frequently meet with the ruins of towers and other buildings, apparently relics of former grandeur, and at least suggesting the idea that the place has been much more populous than at present. However, from whatever point of view our observations may be directed, five or six villages may always be seen at once, with a great number of little churches and dove-houses built round the villages. There are several very high mountains in the interior of the *Apanomeri*, though the Borgo surpasses all the rest; from its summit the

neighbouring isles are easily discerned. To the west of Tinos we see the isle of Joura, Syra on the south-west, Andros on the north-west, Delos pretty near to the south-east, Paros to the south, Samos and Nicaria to the east, and Mycona to the south-east.

The land-winds from the narrow-gorges, or passages between the mountains, are sometimes so terrible when they rise into hurricanes, that a part of the coast called Ziknia is extremely dangerous. The seamen, who are not insensible of the hazard they run when coasting this part, never neglect striking their sails even in the calmest weather, with a view to anticipate the effects of these sudden and impetuous gusts. The climate of Tinos is very mild, and is only distinguished by the frequent rains. Snow falls very seldom, and ice may be said to be almost unknown here: the inhabitants also know very little of hail, which is here of the smallest kind, being about the size of a small grey pea; the sky is almost always clear. Rain is scarce in summer, but violent thunder-storms occasionally happen, which destroy the produce of the husbandman and spread desolation throughout the country.—When the torrents are precipitated from the mountains, nothing can withstand their fury; enclosures are often overthrown, and the earth swept away and trees torn up by the roots, in consequence of the impetuosity of the waters. The Sirocco, which sometimes blows here, is generally accompanied by thick clouds, which collect in the south and darken the air; thunder and lightning are also frequent in summer during storms, and at other times, but it is very seldom that any object is struck by the lightning. When it happens that the inhabitants are distressed for water, those both of the Greek and Latin persuasion repair to their respective churches to implore the divine favour. On these occasions they go in procession from one church to another, singing hymns and canticles composed for that purpose. After this the sight of a charged cloud over their heads would make them extremely happy, if they did not then begin to dispute about which of them it was owing to, that

the wrath of heaven was appeased. Each party attributes this success to itself; they grow warm, and, becoming exasperated, the discussion is often finished by serious quarrels, and even bloodshed. In general, all through the Archipelago, an inveterate hatred subsists between the Christians of the Greek and Latin church; this hatred springing from a religious principle, is always implacable, and leads to the most fatal excesses.

These superstitious ideas, however, lose much of their rancour in the Adriatic gulph, and in the great cities of the Ottoman empire, where any persons taking pleasure in disputing about the differences between the two churches, are looked upon with contempt even by their own party, and are treated as dangerous persons, or ignorant and ill-bred.

The villages are for the most part situated in the defiles of the mountains, or upon the declivity of the hills, not far from a valley through which a little rivulet generally runs from the high grounds, and produces water sufficient for the use of the people. Besides this supply, they have wells near the valley, from three to six feet deep; the water seldom flows over, unless in rainy weather, and they are enclosed by low walls to prevent the accumulation of dust, and to resist the heat of the sun, so that the temperature of the water is much the same all the year round. As the shallowness of these wells makes it unnecessary to use ropes or buckets, the water is generally drawn up in dirty jars. In the evening the cattle are led thither to drink; but, when the supply of water is lessened by the heat of the weather, they are obliged to drink kneeling, when, as it frequently happens that some of them fall in, it becomes the duty of one of the inhabitants to clean out the well, for which service he receives an egg from every house in the village. It has been observed, that the persons who use the well-waters constantly in preference to those that are filtered from the hills, are subject to several disorders, especially the asthma; nevertheless, habit has such power over them, that they will not alter their manner of

living. It may be said of these islanders, as well as of those of the rest of the Greek islands, that they contribute little or nothing either to the construction or reparation of any public works; and that, in this particular, they differ very much from the ancient Greeks.

Tinos is capable of producing every thing common to the *terra firma* of Greece and the neighbouring islands: several species of oranges and citrons grow here; in fact, here is every kind of fruit except the apple. Brandy is made from raisins, and sometimes from figs and other ripe fruits. Onions abound here, and consist of two species: one is much used in colouring ragouts; the others, called *Glecocromitha*, are very large, and sometimes weigh a pound; these have been the subject of much encomium among ancient authors, who have boasted of their exquisite flavour and sweetness. Silk would produce a considerable revenue here, if the inhabitants were better instructed in the manner of breeding silkworms.

The sage here is famous for its fine taste, the best kind grows in the rocky environs of the village of Cumaro. In the month of May, before sun-rise, each family goes out to collect their annual stock of this vegetable. They drink the infusion as tea all the winter; in summer, the tender buds are eaten by the women and children with sugar; but, for two or three days afterwards, their tongues, teeth, and lips, are discoloured like chocolate.

On the Sundays during the spring, the boys of Katomeri and Apanomeri go out in distinct companies to collect branches of sage. When these companies happen to meet, a rencontre is pretty sure to take place, called *petro polemos*, or a war with stones; these are often thrown at each other from a sling, and the victorious party are by right entitled to carry off all the spoil. The fig-tree is the principal in the island, and of this there are about fifteen different species, and it is cultivated with the greatest care. Figs, fresh or dry, are to the inhabitants of Tinos what rice is to the Persians, manioc to the aboriginal Americans, or dates to the Egyptians. The greatest number

of female fig-trees are planted near enclosures and by walls. Their trunks rise from ten to fifteen feet; their flexible branches reaching to the ground, form those umbrageous arbours which will receive under cover from fifteen to twenty persons: thus, though these trees occupy a great extent of ground, the proprietors are well indemnified by the abundant produce. This fecundity is entirely owing to the art the inhabitants make use of in marrying the male with the female fig, by means of the operation called *orniasma* or *caprification*, without which the foetus of the females would waste away, fall to the ground, and never arrive at maturity.

The vines in Tinos are planted in stony ground, where it is not possible to use the plough; their branches are so strong, that they have no need of supporters, and so extensive, as sometimes to occupy a circumference from eighty to 100 feet, stretching horizontally; so that to perceive the grapes, it is necessary to raise up the branches and put the leaves aside. This position, so far from injuring the fruit, tends to shelter the vine from the winds, preserves the grapes from the ravages of the hail; whilst the earth, heated by the solar rays, assists in bringing the fruit to the highest degree of perfection.—When the heat has been too violent, the juice of the grape resembles molasses, which it is then necessary to correct with water. The ordinary wine is made of the grape called *potamissi*; of this there are two kinds, the black and the white. Among the birds of the isle of Tinos, the crows are three times more numerous than all the other species together; next to these white pigeons are most numerous: game is very scarce here; there are a few red partridges, but no grey ones, and hares are still less in number; but the number of wild turtles and quails is so great, that they are preserved by the inhabitants by pickling them for their winter's stock. Among the insects, the cicada is one of the most troublesome to a stranger, as their noise from the mulberry-trees is to be heard day and night. The islanders say, their monotony lulls them to sleep. Vipers and adders do great damage here when

they get into the dove-houses ; but neither deer nor any of the large quadrupeds are indigenous to this island. The only thing of the wild species is a jackal or kind of fox. Neither ducks, geese, or turkeys, are bred here ; the poultry of each yard seldom consists of more than a dozen of common fowls, and some among these lay eggs twice a-day ; and, among the eggs of those that lay but one, it is not uncommon to find some with two yolks.

In the yard of each house it is also common to feed pigs, which they generally kill when two or three years old.

There are but few horses, and those are of a bad breed ; but the mules are strong, and very sure-footed, though they are not shod here, nor in several islands of the Archipelago ; they never have oats or barley for their food, but will carry from 600 to 650 lbs.

The inhabitants of Tinos are of a good size, well-proportioned, and rather handsome. Their hair is generally black or brown, and seldom or never fair. About the age of forty, the men are very subject to become bald.—Among the women large eyes, placed high in the forehead, with thick eye arched brows, are reckoned handsome. Though possessing more animation than the men, the women are at the same time modest and decent ; and, next to their shape, their manners and conversation are highly interesting.—One indiscretion, however, cannot be concealed ; they cannot keep the most trifling secret, which compels their husbands to use much reserve. Excepting this failing, they are completely mistresses of their household.

Both sexes here possess an irresistible love of pleasure ; and love, of course, is an affair of the last importance. But, as they wish to be the sole objects of this passion, the trouble and disorder occasioned by jealousy in the best regulated families frequently produces the most fatal effects. The Tinians are naturally curious, lively, and irritable, soon angry and soon appeased. Their words once given they religiously keep, and their gratitude for benefits received is without bounds ; on the other hand, their resentment of injuries is excessive ; but this, as in some other islands, is not transmitted to the

relatives or children of the offending party, and thus perpetuated from generation to generation ; the inhabitants of Tinos are extremely humane, and will often confer a favour, at the risk of their personal interest.

Such among them who happen to be unfortunate, are sure to find friends and brothers in their countrymen ; and, any person wishing to find a refuge among them when persecuted for any political offence, is not only certain of an asylum, but the islanders would rather perish than give him up. In fact, strangers in general, are favourably received and invited to refresh themselves, and partake of the usual meals of the family. People in easy circumstances offer *liqueurs*, confectionary, and coffee ; but, the greatest charm is the freedom and the manner with which these obligations are conferred. Thus, these islanders are reckoned the most hospitable in the Archipelago ; their benevolence is exercised without any sordid view of recompence ; and, in giving this sentiment its whole extent, we might say that they practise virtue for its own sake. Avarice, rapacity, envy, duplicity, and those vile and base passions that harden and disgrace the heart, are unknown to them ; their minds are equally as amiable, as their features ; and being essentially good, it is an invariable maxim with them, that, however costly the sacrifices to virtue may be, the pleasure of performing a virtuous action can scarcely be purchased too dear. Such is the strength of lungs in this island, that the inhabitants can make themselves heard at the distance of half a league, and sometimes sufficiently distinct for carrying on a conversation. Most of the islanders travel, and there is not a single family that have not some members of it abroad ; however, such is their love of country, that they invariably return. Their barren ungrateful island they prefer to the richest and most flourishing countries ; so that, whenever they have acquired a competence, they finally return to settle, and either purchase more ground than they had, or improve what they have ; hence the constant high price of land.

[To be concluded in our next.]

(Literary Gazette, November.)

NAPOLEON ANECDOTES, &c. No. I.

ANECDOTE is the order of the day, and if, like those yclept *The Percy*, well strung together, there is hardly any kind of reading more popular. Of the present work, done into the portable and received form of half crown packets, the first Number does not impress us with the most favourable idea; but we shall wait a further issue before we say it wants novelty, selection, fidelity, and talent. Mr. Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield was wont to employ a very unmeaning significant monosyllable, spelt *fudge*, and we know not how to characterize more expressively the following samples of Napoleoniana.

THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA.

"The commander in chief of an army should very rarely expose himself; nevertheless there are situations where his presence, alone, decides the fate of a battle, which will be fully illustrated by the following example—

"The passage of the bridge of Arcola may be esteemed the height of boldness. Thousands of men and musquetry served to defend the approach to this particular spot, which was completely fenced by cannon in every direction: thrice had General Buonaparte commanded the charge in person, and thrice had his followers, disdaining to retreat, fallen sacrifices to their temerity; the death-dealing bullets continued their destructive career, levelling all those who dared to encounter their vengeful flight. Napoleon, at length growing indignant, gave utterance to an exclamation of fury, and instantly tearing one of the standards from the grasp of an ensign, sprang upon this bridge, the scene of carnage and slaughter; when, planting the flag in defiance of destiny itself, which seemed to oppose him, he thus addressed his soldiers—"Frenchmen! Grenadiers! will you, then, abandon your colours?" This appeal seemed to convey a reproach ill adapted to the spirit of such courageous men; where-

fore, before the general was enabled to repeat them, all thought of danger had vanished, death was faced in every direction, the bridge of Arcola was forced, and victory once more crowned the republican standard."

Bombastes Furioso could not deliver hyperbole in a more stupid style. Fudge the second is entitled "*The Sleeping Sentinel*," and the story is thus told:

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.

"The army of Italy under General Buonaparte, having been engaged against the Austrians during the whole of one day, at length terminated the battle, by gaining a complete victory at the very moment when the declining sun threw a parting gleam upon the western horizon. During the period of this conflict, and the two foregoing days, the troops had not tasted repose, and the complete flight of the enemy, at this particular juncture, was therefore the more fortunate, as the French were thus enabled to enjoy that repose during the night, of which they most gladly took the advantage.

"Notwithstanding this harassed state of the army, it was necessary to establish outposts; when a grenadier, stationed upon this service, *which precluded the idea of rest*, being quite exhausted with fatigue, fell fast asleep at his post.

"Napoleon, who offered up his own repose as a sacrifice to the more imperious calls of *promptitude* and glory, proceeded, alone, to visit the outskirts of the camp, and in this survey arrived at the spot where lay extended the sleeping sentinel, who could hardly be deemed guilty of a breach of duty, but the unwilling victim of extreme fatigue, that totally overpowered him.

"Buonaparte, unmindful of his dignity, and actuated only by noble motives, took up the soldier's musket, which *laid* beside him; *when*, placing it upon his own shoulder, he continued to mount guard for nearly an hour, in

order to ensure the safety of the camp. The grenadier at length awoke and sought for his piece in vain, but by the light of the moon perceived the general, who had thus paid respect to his repose.

"O! I am undone!" vociferated the soldier, recognising Napoleon, whose lineaments are graven upon the heart of every warrior.

"No, my friend," replied the general with extreme affability, at the same time *surrendering up* his musket, "the battle was obstinate and long enough contested to excuse your having thus yielded to the impulse of fatigue; one moment of inattention, however, might endanger the safety of the camp; I was awake, and have only to advise, that you would be more upon your guard for the future!"

Fudge the third immediately follows fudge the second; it begins with the following notable exordium:

"Buonaparte, after transporting the glory of his arms to the plains of Egypt, and having there punished those *subaltern tyrants* who had dared to insult the Gallic flag, conceived it requisite that he should return to France *for the good of that republic which was dear to him*, in order to effect a change in the then form of government, which, according to its existing state, was altogether incompatible with the interests of the French nation."

The rest of this story is equally absurd, and only leads to fudge the fourth, in which the author like another Dionysius revives the exploded practice of generals making fine speeches to be heard by armies of 70 or 80,000 men!

"The following speech," he tells us, "delivered by the French emperor to his army when commanding his legions in Italy, may well rank upon a par with many addresses made by Julius Cæsar to his soldiers under various circumstances.

"Soldiers! whatsoever may be the strength of the enemy, attack him without hesitation: death never strikes the brave but when his appointed hour is at hand. How many times have you not already dared his efforts, and forced him back into the ranks of your enemies."

It would be a sad waste of a very valuable commodity,—to wit, Time, to wade through all these silly, ill-translated inventions, which are calculated to render a man ridiculous, whom his greatest adversaries must acknowledge to have been one of the most able and extraordinary beings that ever lived. The comments of the retailer of the idle fables are even more absurd than the fables themselves; of which we shall add but one short example:

MARSHAL SOULT.

"There is something which Plutarch might have quoted as worthy of a Spartan, in the answer of Napoleon to Marshal Soult, at the battle of Austerlitz.

"The Marshal is embarrassed, sire," said the aid-de-camp, "at the superior force of the Russians which is moving to attack him, and foresees that he may be obliged to shift his ground."—"Tell Soult, I foresee no such thing," replied Napoleon; "he must die where he is!"

Could not the senseless Editor see that there was nothing *Spartan* in telling *another* person to die where he was; and feel his Spartan's own conduct at Waterloo showed how much more easy it is to give such heroic orders than to act agreeably to them. We strenuously advise the publisher to get his design into other hands, if he is not afraid of a heavier loss by the speculation than a first Number may occasion. We subjoin the only two anecdotes which have the least chance of being thought new.

NAPOLÉON'S AGE.

"On the evening of the day previous to the taking of the city of Milan, Gen. Buonaparte being then commander in chief of the army of Italy, was engaged to dine at the mansion of a lady of consequence. This personage, considering the distinguished rank, and above all, the illustrious name of her guest, conducted the honours of her table with the greatest attention and politeness. Napoleon, however, being fully occupied with the momentous events that were to characterize the succeeding day, replied with coldness and brevity to the repeated marks of deference

which the hostess pointedly expressed towards him; who, at length in order to give animation to the company, requested to know Buonaparte's age, adding by way of palliation of the apparent rudeness of the inquiry:

"That he appeared by far too young to have already gained so many laurels!"

"Truly, madam," answered the General with a smile, "I am not indeed very old at the present moment; but in less than twenty-four hours I shall count much more, for to-day I have to number twenty-five years, whereas to-morrow I shall have attained *Mil-an.*" (*Mille Ans.*)

"N. B. It may be requisite to acquaint such readers as are unacquainted with the French language, that the words *Mille Ans* express a *thousand years.*"

THE SYCOPHANTIC COURTIER.

"One day, Napoleon seeing near his person one of those beings who know not a posture sufficiently humble, by which they suppose they can obtain some favours, said to those who surrounded him;—"I know not how it happens, that, in order to understand this man, who is eight inches taller than myself, I am obliged to stoop every time that I speak to him."

DR. JENNER'S NEW WORK ON ARTIFICIAL ERUPTIONS.

(Literary Gazette.)

A Letter to Charles Henry Parry, M.D. F.R.S. &c. on the Influence of Artificial Eruptions in certain Diseases incidental to the Human Body; with an Inquiry respecting the probable Advantages to be derived from further Experiments. By Edward Jenner, esq. M.D. &c. 1822.

DR. Jenner has never appeared before the public but on three grand subjects, all novel and ingenious. The first is the Natural History of the Cuckoo, very curious, as a remarkable anomaly of Nature. The second is the Vaccine, both momentous and Newtonian, being, like gravity, a simple agent of extraordinary influence. The third is the present, which inculcates the cure of certain awful diseases, by creating factitious eruptions; a theory certainly of very ingenious suggestion, and deserving the most ample inquiry, as a mode of practice auxiliary to nature under serious emergencies.

To come to particulars. Nature, it is well known, throws out eruptions in order to remove diseases from vital parts to those not vital. Blisters are used upon a similar principle; but tartarized antimony, the method prescribed by Dr. Jenner, has "a mode of operation quite peculiar and contrary to the more simple effect obtained from

the application of a blister, which only raises the cuticle." p. 28.

"By the tartrite of antimony (says Dr. J. farther,) we can not only create vesicles, but we can do more—we have at our command an application which will at the same time both *vesicate and produce diseased action on the skin itself, by deeply deranging its structure beneath the surface.* This is probably one cause why the sympathetic affections excited by the use of cantharides, and those changes produced by tartar emetics, are very different.

Accordingly an ointment of tartarized antimony has been applied in several cases of patients labouring under different diseases, particularly those of consumption and mania, and, it is stated, with very considerable success. We are even told of scrofulous ulcers being cured so effectually by this means (p. 66) as to prevent amputation of an arm; and of a young lady, in a dreadful state of hysteria, which had resisted the most skilful treatment, being restored to health by the simple application of this powerful agent.

Many other matters, interesting to medical men, are included in this book, for it opens a wide field of investigation. Experiment, we presume, must determine whether the theory may be at all or extensively beneficial.

SMALL INCONVENIENCES.

GOOD MR. EDITOR,

I AM about to prefer a complaint to your sympathising nature on, perhaps, a somewhat novel subject; and though I greatly apprehend my grievance to be irremediable, still it affords a relief to the afflicted to be permitted to pour forth their complaints.

I was born of wealthy parents, and hold a respectable rank in society; am possessed of an independent fortune, fair abilities, pleasing address, and am otherwise far from being disagreeable in my person: in fact, I should rank myself among the most happy, but for an unfortunate deficiency of inches! a disaster which you may regard rather as ridiculous than painful, till I shall have detailed a few of the mortifications to which this lamentable privation has subjected me.

Being a young man of spirit, I was desirous of entering the army; but was deterred from prosecuting my intention by a lady sarcastically inquiring "if I intended to enlist as a drummer?"

Again, I am mighty fond of performing in private theatricals; but having engaged with some friends for this purpose, I was affronted by their assigning to me the character of "Little Pickle."

I dare not venture into a crowd, from a fear of being suffocated; and many fine sights I have lost, from not being able to obtain a glimpse of them, though standing on tiptoe.

I have often declared that I would gladly give five thousand pounds in order to be five inches taller. Dear Mr. Editor, can you give me any hope or consolation? Do you not think, now that such wonderful discoveries are making in the science of chemistry, that some *Elixir of Length* may be compounded, some process for extending the muscles be invented? Do you conceive that fifty smart shocks of an electrical machine, repeated every day, might cause me to start into altitude? Do you imagine that if I were to go and reside in Shropshire or Derbyshire, where the natives are undoubtedly taller than the Londoners, the air would have any effect upon me?

Last Spring, I made a practice of standing for two or three hours at a time in my garden, that I might receive the benefit of the fruitful showers and the sun's warm rays alternately; but the experiment only proved that this fertilizing dispensation, though in the highest degree favourable to the vegetable, did not extend its influence to the animal kingdom. I saw flowers spring into life, and blossom and die, without having exceeded by the eighth of an inch the degrading mark of measurement procured at the hand of a friend, an officer of dragoons.

The other day I threw an acquaintance almost into convulsions of laughter, who, coming suddenly into my room, found me sustaining my whole weight by my hands against the door: for which strange position I could only account by observing, not without great embarrassment, that I adopted it to cure me of the cramp!

I am exceedingly fond of the exercise of walking, or riding on horseback; notwithstanding, I never stir out but in my tilbury, which seems to conceal this, to me painful, personal defect.

But it is in the company of ladies, who are universal in the admiration of tall men, that I most keenly feel the insignificance of my stature. "I do not care how plain a gentleman's face may be," said a bewitching girl on whom I was anxious to make a favourable impression, "so that he is but a good figure."—"That Mr. S. is a most engaging young man," whispered another lady, speaking of me, "but he is very *little*;" emphasizing the exception, as if it were sufficient to counterbalance a host of good qualities. Now I am very anxious to marry, but do not choose to take a wife who would look *down* upon me; and to have the mother of my children less than five feet two inches, would be to propagate a race of pigmies. If I were a member of parliament, I would assuredly introduce a bill, the object of which should be to prevent the union of any two persons who did not reach a certain standard of height.

My mother, kind soul! endeavours to comfort me by referring to Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Buonaparte, Pope, and St. Paul; but, as I peevishly tell her, these having been short men, makes not me the taller.

Mr. Editor, do you know of any country on the globe where the people are remarkable for lowness of stature? I will instantly go and live among them. I have serious thoughts of tak-

ing a journey into Spain, in order to get a stretch upon the rack; and if that fails, I believe positively I shall take a rope and hang myself: at all events, you know, it will make my neck longer.

I remain your afflicted Correspondent,
BOB SHORT.

At Mr. Briefwit's, Bartholomew the Less, near Little Britain.

Varieties.

Bulls, &c.—In a late Irish paper, we find that a duel had taken place a few days ago near Waterford, in which, the ball of one gentleman passed thro' "the *fleshy* part of his antagonist's thigh bone," and this wise announcement has, we perceive, been most unsuspectingly copied into the prints on this side of the water.

In another paper from the same country, an advertisement is to be seen announcing the appearance of a provincial almanack, in which, among other equally ingenious improvements, its readers are promised a more satisfactory "*arrangement of the ecclesiastical, naval, and military departments.*" The almanack man must, we imagine, be prime minister.

Some gentlemen were lately conversing on the ill effects of hard drinking on the constitution, when one adduced a very old gentleman of their acquaintance, who drank very hard from his youth, and still continued the practice, declaring that he lived by it. It is impossible, sir, said another, he lives in spite of it; no one lives by *bad habits*. Pardon me, observed a third, you forget *old clothes-men*.

Legal Defiance.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists at least) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "D—n you, you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman. To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, Sir, never, I defy you, I defy you!"

THE SHOWS OF LONDON.

MERMEN.—MERMAIDS.

If Nature has really sported any productions of this class,—half man half fish, then it is a pity that, till the present moment, we should be unable to see a single specimen in the cabinets of the curious, or at Exeter 'Change, or Bartholomew Fair, where all such wonders at length find their way. We have already expressed our belief, that Captain Edes was imposed upon by the Chinese; but others have not thought so. Its length is two feet ten inches; the lower extremity resembles the salmon, with the tail curved; the upper half is like the Ourang Outang. The proprietor paid \$5000 for his "beautiful Maid" in India.

"It may be pretty confidently prophesied (says Professor Lichtenstein, of Berlin, who has published an article in the Prussian State Gazette, to show how improbable the story is) that this Syren, if she should have the courage to appear before good observers, such as Sir Everard Home, Mr. Leach, Mr. König, &c. in London, will be detected as an imposition.

"Some centuries ago there were persons who knew how to compose such *wonderful* animals in a very ingenious and durable manner. The renowned Seven-headed Hydra, which the immortal Linnæus, when he passed thro' Hamburg in 1734, first ventured to pronounce to be a work of art, and which is in the possession of Senator Jincquel in that city, is even now in such good preservation, that you must look very sharply to discover where the seven serpents' heads, each of which has in its open jaws the teeth of a cat,

are joined with the body of the crocodile; and this piece is said to be as old as the time of the 30 Years' War.

"On the whole, after due consideration of the data, it seems probable to me that the part of this animal resembling the human figure is that of some East Indian monkey (perhaps the *Simia Sinica*,) the hair of which has been shaved off except the little on the head and about the beard. To decide upon the fish part, we must first know how large the scales are, and whether the fins, as they stand, are in their natural state, or have been arranged by means of scissors. Besides this no mention is made of an anal fin; nor is there any trace of it in the drawing. Before we believe in Sea Nymphs, we should first see the unicorn and the cloven-footed horse, that the knowledge of miraculous animals may be properly developed."

About the year 1109, Ralph de Coggeshall affirms a man-fish to have been taken near Orford, in Suffolk. As it had a human face and beard, it was presumed that it could speak; and many tortures were applied to the poor animal to overcome its silence, but in vain. With equal discernment, but less inhumanity, its captors took it to church; where, as might naturally be expected, "it shewed no signs of devotion." The diet which this tormented creature used was fish, out of which it had previously squeezed the moisture with its hands. One day, being neglected by its keepers, this "*lusus nature*" found its way to the sea, and was heard of no more. Bartholomew de Glanville was constable of Orford Castle when this event is said to have happened.—*Andrews's Chronology*.

In the year 1403, after a terrible tempest, which broke down the dykes in Holland, and made way for the sea into the Meadows, some girls of the village of Edam, in West-Friesland, going in a boat to milk their cows, perceived a mermaid floundering in the mud, with a very little water. They took it into their boat, and brought it to Edam, dressed it in women's apparel, and taught it to spin. It fed like them, but never spoke. It was afterwards removed to Haarlem, where it lived for some years, though still show-

ing a natural inclination for the water. Parival (*Delices d'Hollande*) says, that they had given it some notions of a Deity, and that it made its reverences very devoutly whenever it passed by a crucifix.

In the *Hist. de la Compagnie de Jesus*, p. 2, tom. iv. No. 276, we learn that, in the year 1560, near the island of Manar, on the west coast of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up, at one draught of the net, a small colony, viz. seven mermen and mermaids; of which several jesuits, and among the rest F. Hen. Henriques, and Dimas Bosquez, physicians to the viceroy of Goa, were witness. "The physician, who examined them with great care, and made dissection of one, asserts, that all the parts, both internal and external were perfectly conformable to those of men."

Another mermaid, it is said, was caught in the Baltic Sea, in 1581, and sent as a present to Sigismund, king of Poland, with whom it lived but three days; the Polish *diet* not agreeing with her. But this was witnessed by the whole court.

Those who wish to believe in the existence of these semi-human creatures, may consult Pontoppidan's *History of Norway*; this historian had a piscatory mania upon him, having told us of the kraken, sea-serpent, &c. &c.

Mr. Matcham, who was superintendant of the Company's Marine at Bombay, assured Mr. Forbes (see his *Oriental Memoirs*) that, when he commanded a trading vessel at Mozambique, Mombaza, and Melinda, he frequently saw mermaids from six to twelve feet long: the head and face resembling the human, except that the nose and mouth more resembled the hog; the skin fine and smooth: the neck, breast, and body, of the female, as low as the hips, appeared, he said, like a well-formed woman; from thence, to the extremity of the tail, they were perfect fish. The shoulders and arms were in good proportion; but, from the elbow, tapered to a fin, like the turtle or penguin. These creatures, adds Mr. Matcham, were regularly cut up and sold by weight in the fish-markets at Mombaza.

Monsieur de Sales (*Philosophie de la Nature*, v. 398) very much wishes to procure a merman, to give the marine gentleman a philosophical education: questions, which he proposes to put to him, he thinks, if *clearly explained*, "would open the curtain, behind which nature conceals herself, and her manner of working!"

Mr. Southey, in his *History of Brazil*, believes in the existence of mermaids, and so does Sir John Sinclair, in his *Longevity book*, in 4 vols. 8vo. But whether they exist or no, it is not very likely that they swim about with looking-glasses in their hands, as we see in the pictures. This were to suppose a vanity in fishes, as in human creatures; some of whom are, however, occasionally called—odd fishes.

At a dinner at Earl G****'s on Wednesday last, a gentleman stated that he had witnessed an extraordinary circumstance of a carp eating turkey; upon which Lord Ers****, who was present, replied, he saw nothing wonderful in the thing, as he had all his life known a *Turkey carp-ate*.

Asivedo, a Spanish Jesuit, was theologian to we forget which of the Popes, and was remarkable for his deformity. One day he was engaged in private in some theological discussion with his Holiness, when the latter was so struck with his features that he interrupted him by exclaiming, "Well, Asivedo, thou art certainly the ugliest being on the face of the earth!" "Ah!" replied the other with great composure, "Ah! if your Holiness had seen my sister!"

An astonishing surgical operation was lately performed with success in the hospital of St. Louis, at Paris. A peasant of the neighbourhood of La Fère, was persuaded that about five years ago he had swallowed with his food some reptile, which, in an inexplicable manner, still lived, as he affirmed, in his stomach. The physician employed various prescriptions without effect. Tortured by excruciating pains, the unhappy man resolved to go to Paris, to be opened; which operation was in fact performed by making an incision just below the region of the heart, when

it was ascertained that his conjecture was well founded. As soon as the animal perceived more air than it was accustomed to, it shewed itself at the end of the incision, but immediately drew back; when one of the assistants put his finger into the wound, and drew out a Snake two feet and a half in length, and eighteen lines in circumference. It lived sixty hours. The patient felt great relief, and is in a situation which gives no reason to apprehend any bad consequences! —*Foreign Journal*.

We have all our hobbies. Some, however, very much encumbered by wealth and *virtu*, collect shells, teapots, military saddles, wigs, turnpike-tickets, shop-bills, stained glass, stuffed birds, cameos, gems, bronzes, prints, halters, (if duly authenticated by Jack Ketch,) watchmen's rattles, staves, lanterns, and knockers, armour, and other nick-nackery. But who would have thought that there should have existed a mania for *live* hermits? A stuffed one, in a grotto, we have seen, and considered as not unappropriate; but, to get a live one, is an experimental species of penance, that none but the yellow-faced Dives would ever think of inflicting. Mr. Hamilton, however, once the proprietor of Payne's Hill, near Cobham, Surrey, advertised for a person who was willing to become a hermit in that beautiful retreat of his. The conditions were, that he was to continue in the hermitage seven years, where he should be provided with a Bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, a hassock for his pillow, an hour glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage, food from the house, but never to exchange a syllable with the servant. He was to wear a camlet robe, never to cut his beard or nails, nor ever to stray beyond the limits of the grounds. If he lived there under all these restrictions, till the end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas. But on breach of any of them, or if he quitted the place any time previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited. One person attempted it, but a three weeks trial cured him.

Mr. Powyss, of Marcham, near Preston, Lancashire, was more successful

in this singularity : he advertised a reward of £50 a-year for life, to any man who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human ; and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber-organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions served from his own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any convenience, he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and actually staid in it, observing the required conditions for four years !

— A letter from Petersburg states that Capt. Wasiliew, just returned from his voyage of discovery, had not only passed up Behring's Straits to a higher latitude than Capt. Cook, but had determined the true position of the northern Continent of America from Icy Cape to Alaska, and found an island to the north of it, *inhabited*.

— An Italian philosopher has just discovered that all the diseases, and ultimately the death of man, result from his using the unnatural position of the perpendicular in his movements, instead of the horizontal, and consequently going on all fours. This doctrine has given so much offence to his townsmen, the upright citizens of Pavia, that the doctor has been obliged to flee from their resentment.

— A German Professor, Camper, has just found out the reason why monkeys do not speak. He ascribes their taciturnity to aerial follicles !

BULLS.

In "Nathan Bailey's Universal Etymological English Dictionary, article *Medlar*, is the following scientific definition, "a fruit which is grateful to the stomach, but it is not *ripe* till it be *rotten*." Again the derivation of the word *Lungs* is thus given : derived from *hun*. Sax. *empty*, they being FILLED with NOTHING but wind. Littleton, author of the Classical Latin Dictionary, gives us under the word *Specularia* "Glass Windows made of fine transparent

Stone, like *Isingglass*." The Colossus of Lexicographers, Samuel Johnson, is as deep in the mire. Turn to his "Journey to the Western Islands," (edition 12mo. printed in Edinburgh 1811), and at page 58, where he is describing the winter of the Hebrides, he expresses himself thus,—“the inlets of “the sea which shoot very far into “the island, never have any ice upon “them, and *the pools of fresh water “will never bear the walker*.” Turn also to p. 77 of the same book, and the following inexcusable Bull occurs :—“Macleod choked them with smoke, “and left them *lying dead* by families as they stood.” At page 123 we have another specimen :—“This faculty of *seeing things out of sight* is local.”

EARTHQUAKES.

M. BIOT, after detailing the phenomena of the Earthquake on 22d February last, concludes an interesting paper with these observations :—

In the infancy of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, it was imagined that Earthquakes might be easily explained ; in proportion as these sciences have become more correct and more profound, this confidence has decreased. But by a propensity for which the character of the human mind sufficiently accounts, all the new physical agents which have been successively discovered, such as electricity, magnetism, the inflammation of gases, the decomposition and recomposition of water, have been maintained in theories as the causes of the great phenomena of nature. Now all these conjectures seem to be insufficient to explain convulsions so extensive produced at the same time over such large portions of the Earth, as those which take place during Earthquakes. The most probable opinion, the only one which seems to us to reconcile, in a certain degree, the energy, the extent of these phenomena, and often their frightful correspondence in the most distant countries of the globe, would be to suppose, conformably to many other physical indications, that the solid surface on which we live is but of inconsiderable thickness in comparison with the semi-diameter of the terrestrial globe ; is in some measure only a recent shell, covering a liquid

nucleus, perhaps still in a state of ignition, in which great chemical or physical phenomena operating at intervals cause those agitations which are transmitted to us. The countries where the superficial crust is less thick or less strong, or more recently or more imperfectly consolidated, would agreeably to this hypothesis, be those the most liable to be convulsed and broken by the violence of these internal explosions. Now if we compare together the experiments on the length of the pendulum, which have been made for some years past with great accuracy, from the North of Scotland to the South of Spain, we readily perceive that the intensity of gravitation decreases on this space, as we go from the Pole towards the Equator, more rapidly than it ought to do upon an ellipsoid, the concentric and similar strata of which should have equal densities at equal depths; and the deviation is especially sensible about the middle of France, where too there has been observed a striking irregularity in the length of the degrees of the Earth. This local decrease of gravity in these countries should seem to indicate, with some probability, that the strata near the surface must be less dense there than elsewhere, and perhaps have in their interior immense cavities. This would account for the existence of the numerous volcanos of which these strata shew the traces, and explain why they are even now, at intervals, the focus of subterranean convulsions.

Extraordinary instance of sagacity in a Cat.—A Cat belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to

her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bed-chamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was the parapet of the wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs of bread for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds and kill them. One morning giving a "longing, lingering look" at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at and succeeded in getting. She then carried it to the favourite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while the birds came, and she resumed her favorite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity.—[*Vouched by a Correspondent at Bath, but not sworn to by us.*]

The Loves of the Angels, by Mr. Moore, will be published in an octavo volume.

The Rev. John Scott states in the Life of his Father, the late Rev. Thomas Scott, author of the Force of Truth, Commentary on the Bible, &c. that he is called upon to give to the public an account of a person on whose works, of plain didactic theology, and those charged at the lowest price at which they could be afforded, that public had not thought it too much to expend upwards of two hundred thousand pounds during the Author's own life-time.

Mr. Southey's new Poem of a "Tale of Paraguay" will appear early in the season.

Lieutenant Franklin is preparing an Account of his Journey in a quarto volume.

A new and respectable romance has just appeared, *Marguerite Aymond, ou Lettres écrites en 1820.*

VERSES BY BERNARD BARTON, ON THE DEATH OF SHELLEY THE POET.

We quote one fragment only to illustrate the author's style :

With those who think they view in thee
The champion of their creed,
If their's. in truth, a creed can be,
Who from belief are freed,—
Who view with scorn all modes of faith,
Though seal'd by many a martyr's death,
With such I fain would plead;
And, in that love which knows no bound
Once more a brief alarm would sound.

If christians err, yourselves admit
Such error harms them not;—
If you are wrong, and Holy Writ
No juggling, priestly plot,
But Truth's own Oracle reveal d;—

Then is your condemnation seal'd,
And hopeless is your lot!
You doubt the Gospel:—keep in view,
What can be doubted—may be true!

But O! to You,—who halt between
The Christian's—sceptic's part:
Who now to Revelation lean,
And now to sophist's art;
As one who many doubts has known,—
Aware what conflicts like your own
Awaken in the heart;—
This simple watchword let me give,
'Believe!—Obey!—and ye shall live!'